THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

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ON THE HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORENCE PERCY.

In the twilight, chill and gray,
Of the sunless winter day,
Walk I, through the frozen mist,
To fulfil my promised tryst.

Past the pleasant, sheltered light
Of warm home-fires, near and bright,—
Past the scenes which pleasure seek—
What have I to do with these?

Past the marble dwellings chill
Of the dead ones, dim and still:
Past the thresholds dark and dumb,—
For my rest is not yet come.

Out upon the windy hill,
Where the snow lies deep and chill,
Sloping whitely to the sea—
There is one who waits for me.

Where the waves with smothered sound,
Under icy fetters bound,
Mournfully along the shore
Surge and sob forevermore—

And the homeless sea-birds sail,
Heeding not the rising gale,
Tireless, fearless, out to sea,
Where is largest liberty—

Threatening, cold, the night comes down,
Night, without her starry crown;
Bleak the wind and deep the snow,
Yet he waits for me, I know.

On a lonesome hillock there,
Where the flinty earth is bare,
Where the north winds, whistling, pass
Through the scant and frozen grass—

Paused we, on an eve gone by,
Gazing on the winter sky,
While the black relentless sea
Heaved and murmured restlessly.

Broad his forehead was, and white,
Brightened by the failing light,
And his clear eyes seemed to gaze
Far into the coming days.

Ah, I knew it, even then,
How he would be praised of men—
And my hand amid his hair
Felt the bay-leaves budding there.

But he saw my heart, and read
All that struggled there unsaid,—
And he whispered—"You can be
More than all the world to me.

"Come," he said, "when I am far
Where my toil and triumph are—
Come and watch the ocean roll—
You shall find my waiting soul.

"Be your heart the tie to bind
Mine to all I leave behind—
Tossing sea and wintry skies,
I shall see them through your eyes.

"So, although the hours be long,
Shall my heart grow warm and strong.
Knowing that *beside the sea*
Hand in hand you walk with me."

Therefore, when the winter day
Faints to twilight, chill and gray,
Walk I through the frozen mist
Here to keep my promised tryst.

For although his smile to-night
Gladdens others with its light,
Wheresoever he may be,
All his SOUL *is here with me.*

THE MANCHESTER MARRIAGE

FROM "A HOUSE TO LET," DICKENS'S NEW CHRISTMAS STORY.

Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw came from Manchester to London. He had been, what is called in Lancashire, a salesman for a large manufacturing firm, who were extending their business, and opening a warehouse in London; where Mr. Openshaw was now to superintend the business. He rather enjoyed the change of residence; having a kind of curiosity about London, which he had never yet been able to gratify in his brief visits to the metropolis. At the same time he had an odd, shrewd, contempt for the inhabitants: whom he had always pictured to himself as fine, lazy people; caring nothing but for fashion and aristocracy, and lounging away their days in Bond street, and such places; raining good English, and ready in their turn to despise him as a provincial. The hours that the men of business kept in the city scandalized him too; accustomed as he was to the early dinners of Manchester folk, and the consequently far longer evenings. Still, he was pleased to go to London; though he would not for the world have confessed it, even to himself, and always spoke of the step to his friends as one demanded of him by the interests of his employers, and sweetened to him by a considerable increase of salary. His salary indeed was so liberal that he might have been justified in taking a much larger house than this one, had he not thought himself bound to set an example to Londoners of how little a Manchester man of business cared for show. Inside, however, he furnished the house with an unusual degree of comfort, and, in the winter time, he insisted on keeping up as large fires as the grates would allow, in every room where the temperature was in the least chilly. Moreover, his northern sense of hospitality was such, that, if he were at home, he could hardly suffer a visitor to leave the house without forcing meat and drink upon him. Every servant in the house was well warmed, well fed, and kindly treated; for their master scorned all petty saving in aught that conduced to comfort; while he amused himself by following out all his accustomed habits and individual ways in defiance of what any of his new neighbors might think.

His wife was a pretty, gentle woman, of suitable age and character. He was forty-two, she thirty-five. He was loud and decided; she soft and yielding. They had two children; or rather, I should say, she had two: for the elder, a girl of eleven, was Mrs. Openshaw's child by Frank Wilson, her first husband. The younger was a little boy, Edwin, who could just prattle, and to whom his father delighted to speak in the broadest and most unintelligible Lancashire dialect, in order to keep up what he called the true Saxon accent.

Mrs. Openshaw's Christian-name was Alice, and her first husband had been her own cousin. She was the orphan-niece of a sea-captain in Liverpool: a quiet, grave little creature, of great personal attraction when she was fifteen or sixteen, with regular features and a blooming complexion. But she was very shy, and believed herself to be very stupid and awkward; and was frequently scolded by her aunt, her own husband's second wife. So when her cousin, Frank Wilson, came home from a long absence at sea, and first was kind and protective to her; secondly, attentive; and thirdly, desperately in love with her, she hardly knew how to be grateful enough to him. It is true she would have preferred his remaining in the first or second stages of behavior; for his violent love puzzled and frightened her. Her uncle neither helped nor hindered the love affair; though it was going on under his own eyes. Frank's step-mother had such a variable temper, that there was no knowing whether what she liked one day she would like the next, or not. At length she went to such extremes of crossness, that Alice was only too glad to shut her eyes and rush blindly at the chance of escape from domestic tyranny offered her by a marriage with her cousin; and, liking him better than any one in the world except her uncle (who was at this time at sea) she went off one morning and was married to him; her only bridesmaid being the housemaid at her aunt's. The consequence was, that Frank and his wife went into lodgings, and Mrs. Wilson refused to see them, and turned away Norah, the warm-hearted house-maid; whom they accordingly took into their service. When Captain Wilson returned from his voyage, he was very cordial with the young couple, and spent many an evening at their lodgings; smoking his pipe, and sipping his grog; but he told them that, for quietness' sake, he could not ask them to his own house; for his wife was bitter against them. They were not very unhappy about this.

The seed of future unhappiness lay rather in Frank's vehement, passionate disposition; which led him to resent his wife's shyness and want of demonstration as failures in conjugal duty. He was already tormenting himself, and her, too, in a slighter degree, by apprehensions and imaginations of what might befall her during his approaching absence at sea. At last he went to his father and urged him to insist upon Alice's being once more received under his roof; the more especially as there was now a prospect of her confinement while her husband was away on his voyage. Captain Wilson was, as he himself expressed it, "breaking up," and unwilling to undergo the excitement of a scene; yet he felt that what his son said was true. So he went to his wife. And before Frank went to sea, he had the comfort of seeing his wife installed in her old little garret in his father's house. To have placed her in the one best spare room was a step beyond Mrs. Wilson's powers of submission or generosity. The worst part about it, however, was that the faithful Norah had to be dismissed. Her place as housemaid had been filled up: and, even had it not, she had forfeited Mrs. Wilson's good opinion forever. She comforted her young master and mistress by pleasant prophecies of the time when they would have a household of their own; of which in whatever service she might be in the meantime, she should be sure to form part. Almost the last action Frank Wilson did, before setting sail, was going with Alice to see Norah once more at her mother's house. And then he went away.

Alice's father-in-law grew more and more feeble as winter advanced. She was of great use to her step-mother in nursing and amusing him; and, although there was anxiety enough in the household, there was perhaps more of peace than there had been for years; for Mrs. Wilson had not a bad heart, and was softened by the visible approach of death to one whom she loved, and touched by the lonely condition of the young creature, expecting her first confinement in her husband's absence. To this relenting mood Norah owed the permission to come and nurse Alice when her baby was born, and to remain to attend on Captain Wilson.

Before one letter had been received from Frank (who had sailed for the East Indies and China), his father died. Alice was always glad to remember that he had held her baby in his arms, and kissed and blessed it before his death. After that, and the consequent examination into the state of his affairs, it was found that he had left far less property than people had been led by his style of living to imagine; and, what money there was, was all settled upon his wife, and at her disposal after her death. This did not signify much to Alice, as Frank was now first mate of his ship, and, in another voyage or two, would be captain. Meanwhile he had left her some hundreds (all his savings) in the bank.

It became time for Alice to hear from her husband. One letter from the Cape she had already received. The next was to announce his arrival in India. As week after week passed over, and no intelligence of the ship's arrival reached the office of the owners, and the captain's wife was in the same state of ignorant suspense as Alice herself, her fears grew most oppressive. At length the day came when, in reply to her inquiry at the Shipping Office, they told her that the owners had given up hope of ever hearing more of the Betsy-Jane, and had sent in their claim upon the underwriters. Now that he was gone forever, she first felt a yearning, longing love for the kind cousin, the dear friend, the sympathising protector, whom she should never see again—first felt a passionate desire to show him his child, whom she had hitherto rather craved to have all to herself—her own sole possession. Her grief was, however, noiseless, and quiet—rather to the scandal of Mrs. Wilson; who bewailed her step-son as if he and she had always lived together in perfect harmony, and who evidently thought it her duty to burst into fresh tears at every strange face she saw; dwelling on his poor young widow's desolate state, and the helplessness of the fatherless child, with an unction, as if she liked the excitement of the sorrowful story.

So passed away the first days of Alice's widowhood. By and by things subsided into their natural and tranquil course. But, as if this young creature was always to be in some heavy trouble, her ewe lamb began to be ailing, pining and sickly. The child's mysterious illness turned out to be some affection of the spine likely to affect health; but not to shorten life—at least so the doctors said. But the long dreary suffering of one whom a mother loves as Alice loved her only child, is hard to look forward to. Only Norah guessed what Alice suffered; no one but God knew.

And so it fell out, that when Mrs. Wilson, the elder, came to her one day in violent distress, occasioned by a very material diminution in the value of the property that her husband had left her—a diminution which made her income barely enough to support herself, much less Alice—the latter could hardly understand how anything which did not touch health or life could cause such grief; and she received the intelligence with irritating composure. But when, that afternoon, the little sick child was brought in, and the grandmother—who after all loved it well—began a fresh moan over her losses to its unconscious ears—saying how she had planned to consult this or that doctor, and to give it this or that comfort or luxury in after years, but that now all chance of this had passed away—Alice's heart was touched, and she drew near to Mrs. Wilson with unwonted caresses, and, in a spirit not unlike to that of Ruth, entreated, that come what would, they might remain together. After much discussion in succeeding days, it was arranged that Mrs. Wilson should take a house in Manchester, furnishing it partly with what furniture she had, and providing the rest with Alice's remaining two hundred pounds. Mrs. Wilson was herself a Manchester woman, and naturally longed to return to her native town. Some connexions of her own at that time required lodgings, for which they were willing to pay pretty handsomely. Alice undertook the active superintendence and superior work of the household. Norah, willing, faithful Norah, offered to cook, scour, do anything in short, so that she might but remain with them.

The plan succeeded. For some years their first lodgers remained with them, and all went smoothly—with the one sad exception of the little girl's increasing deformity. How that mother loved that child, is not for words to tell!

Then came a break of misfortune. Their lodgers left, and no one succeeded to them. After some months they had to remove to a smaller house; and Alice's tender conscience was torn by the idea that she ought not to be a burden to her mother-in-law, but ought to go out and seek her own maintenance. And leave her child! The thought came like the sweeping boom of a funeral bell over her heart.

By and by, Mr. Openshaw came to lodge with them. He had started in life as the errand-boy and sweeper-out of a warehouse; had struggled up through all the grades of employment in the place, fighting his way through the hard striving Manchester life with strong pushing energy of character. Every spare moment of time had been sternly given up to self-teaching. He was a capital accountant, a good French and German scholar, a keen, far-seeing tradesman; understanding markets, and the bearing of events, both near and distant, on trade; and yet, with such vivid attention to present details, that I do not think he ever saw a group of flowers in the fields without thinking whether their colors would, or would not, form harmonious contrasts in the coming spring muslins and prints. He went to debating societies, and threw himself with all his heart and soul into politics; esteeming, it must be owned, every man a fool or a knave who differed from him, and overthrowing his opponents rather by the loud strength of his language than the calm strength of his logic. There was something of the Yankee in all this. Indeed his theory ran parallel to the famous Yankee motto—"England flogs creation, and Manchester flogs England." Such a man, as may be fancied, had had no time for falling in love, or any such nonsense. At the age when most young men go through their courting and matrimony, he had not the means of keeping a wife, and was far too practical to think of having one. And now that he was in easy circumstances, a rising man, he considered women almost as incumbrances to the world, with whom a man had better have as little to do as possible. His first impression of Alice was indistinct, and he did not care enough about her to make it distinct. "A pretty yea-nay kind of woman," would have been his description of her, if he had been pushed into a corner. He was rather afraid, in the beginning, that her quiet ways arose from a listlessness and laziness of character which would have been exceedingly discordant to his active energetic nature. But, when he found out the punctuality with which his wishes were attended to, and her work was done; when he was called in the morning at the very stroke of the clock, his shaving-water scalding hot, his fire bright, his coffee made exactly as his peculiar fancy dictated, (for he was a man who had his theory about everything, based upon what he knew of science, and often perfectly original)—then he began to think; not that Alice had any peculiar merit; but that he had got into remarkably good lodgings; his restlessness wore away, and he began to consider himself as almost settled for life in them.

Mr. Openshaw had been too busy, all his life, to be introspective. He did not know that he had any tenderness in his nature; and if he had become conscious of its abstract existence, he would have considered it as a manifestation of disease in some part of his nature. But he was decoyed into pity unawares; and pity led on to tenderness. That little helpless child—always carried about by one of the three busy women of the house, or else patiently threading colored beads in the chair from which, by no effort of its own, could it ever move; the great grave blue eyes, full of serious, not uncheerful, expression, giving to the small, delicate face a look beyond its years; the soft, plaintive voice dropping out but few words, so unlike the continual prattle of a child—caught Mr. Openshaw's attention in spite of himself. One day—he half scorned himself for doing so—he cut short his dinner-hour to go in search of some toy which should take the place of those eternal beads. I forget what he bought; but, when he gave the present (which he took care to do in a short abrupt manner, and when no one was by to see him,) he was almost thrilled by the flash of delight that came over that child's face, and could not help all through that afternoon going over and over again the picture left on his memory, by the bright effect of unexpected joy on the little girl's face. When he returned home, he found his slippers placed by his sitting-room fire; and even more careful attention paid to his fancies than was habitual in those model lodgings. When Alice had taken the last of his tea-things away—she had been silent as usual till then—she stood for an instant with the door in her hand. Mr. Openshaw looked as if he were deep in his book, though in fact he did not see a line; but was heartily wishing the woman would be gone, and not make any palaver of gratitude. But she only said:

"I am very much obliged to you, sir. Thank you very much," and was gone, even before he could send her away with a "There, my good woman, that's enough!"

For some time longer he took no apparent notice of the child. He even hardened his heart into disregarding her sudden flush of color and little timid smile of recognition, when he saw her by chance. But, after all, this could not last for ever; and, having a second time given way to tenderness, there was no relapse. The insidious enemy having thus entered his heart, in the guise of compassion to the child, soon assumed the more dangerous form of interest in the mother. He was aware of this change of feeling, despised himself for it, struggled with it; nay, internally yielded to it and cherished it, long before he suffered the slightest expression of it, by word, action, or look, to escape him. He watched Alice's docile obedient ways to her stepmother; the love which she had inspired in the rough Norah (roughened by the wear and tear of sorrow and years;) but above all, he saw the wild, deep, passionate affection existing between her and her child. They spoke little to any one else, or when any one else was by; but, when alone together, they talked, and murmured, and cooed, and chattered so continually, that Mr. Openshaw first wondered what they could find to say to each other, and next became irritated because they were always so grave and silent with him. All this time, he was perpetually devising small new pleasures for the child. His thoughts ran, in a pertinacious way, upon the desolate life before her; and often he came back from his day's work loaded with the very thing Alice had been longing for, but had not been able to procure. One time it was a little chair for drawing the little sufferer along the streets, and many an evening that ensuing summer Mr. Openshaw drew her along himself, regardless of the remarks of his acquaintances. One day in autumn he put down his newspaper, as Alice came in with the breakfast, and said, in as indifferent a voice as he could assume:—

"Mrs. Frank, is there any reason why we two should not put up our horses together?"

Alice stood still in perplexed wonder. What did he mean? He had resumed the reading of his newspaper, as if he did not expect any answer; so she found silence her safest course, and went on quietly arranging his breakfast without another word passing between them. Just as he was leaving the house, to go to the warehouse as usual, he turned back and put his head into the bright, neat, tidy kitchen, where all the women breakfasted in the morning:

"You'll think of what I said, Mrs. Frank," (this was her name with the lodgers,) "and let me have your opinion upon it to-night."

Alice was thankful that her mother and Norah were too busy talking together to attend much to this speech. She determined not to think about it at all through the day; and, of course, the effort not to think, made her think all the more. At night she sent up Norah with his tea. But Mr. Openshaw almost knocked Norah down as she was going out at the door, by pushing past her and calling out "Mrs. Frank!" in an impatient voice, at the top of the stairs.

Alice went up, rather than seem to have affixed too much meaning to his words.

"Well, Mrs. Frank," he said, "what answer? Don't make it too long; for I have lots of office work to get through to-night."

"I hardly know what you meant, sir," said truthful Alice.

"Well! I should have thought you might have guessed. You're not new at this sort of work, and I am. However, I'll make it plain this time. Will you have me to be thy wedded husband, and serve me, and love me, and honor me, and all that sort of thing? Because, if you will, I will do as much by you, and be a father to your child—and that's more than is put in the prayer-book. Now, I'm a man of my word; and what I say, I feel; and what I promise, I'll do. Now, for your answer!"

Alice was silent. He began to make the tea, as if her reply was a matter of perfect indifference to him; but, as soon as that was done, he became impatient.

"Well?" said he.

"How long, sir, may I have to think over it?"

"Three minutes!" (looking at his watch.) "You've had two already—that makes five. Be a sensible woman, say Yes, and sit down to tea with me, and we'll talk it over together; for, after tea, I shall be busy; say No," (he hesitated a moment to try and keep his voice in the same tone,) "and I shan't say another word about it, but pay up a year's rent for my rooms to-morrow, and be off. Time's up! Yes or no?"

"If you please, sir,—you have been so good to little Ailsie—"

"There, sit down comfortably by me on the sofa, and let us have our tea together. I am glad to find you are as good and sensible as I took you for."

And this was Alice Wilson's second wooing.

Mr. Openshaw's will was too strong, and his circumstances too good, for him not to carry all before him. He settled Mrs. Wilson in a comfortable house of her own, and made her quite independent of lodgers. The little that Alice said with regard to future plans was in Norah's behalf.

"No," said Mr. Openshaw. "Norah shall take care of the old lady as long as she lives; and, after that, she shall either come and live with us, or, if she likes it better, she shall have a provision for life—for your sake, missus. No one who has been good to you or the child shall go unrewarded. But even the little one will be better for some fresh stuff about her. Get her a bright, sensible girl as a nurse: one who won't go rubbing her with calf's-foot jelly as Norah does; wasting good stuff outside that ought to go in, but will follow doctors' directions; which, as you must see pretty clearly by this time, Norah won't; because they give the poor little wench pain. Now, I'm not above being nesh for other folks myself. I can stand a good blow, and never change color; but set me in the operating room in the infirmary, and I turn as sick as a girl. Yet, if need were, I would hold the little wench on my knees while she screeched with pain, if it were to do her poor back good. Nay, nay, wench! keep your white looks for the time when it comes—I don't say it ever will. But this I know, Norah will spare the child and cheat the doctor if she can. Now, I say, give the bairn a year or two's chance, and then, when the pack of doctors have done their best—and, maybe, the old lady has gone—we'll have Norah back, or do better for her."

The pack of doctors could do no good to little Ailsie. She was beyond their power. But her father, (for so he insisted on being called, and also on Alice's no longer retaining the appellation of mamma, but becoming henceforward mother,) by his healthy cheerfulness of manner, his clear decision of purpose, his odd turns and quirks of humor, added to his real strong love for the helpless little girl, infused a new element of brightness and confidence into her life; and, though her back remained the same, her general health was strengthened, and Alice—never going beyond a smile herself—had the pleasure of seeing her child taught to laugh.

As for Alice's own life, it was happier than it had ever been. Mr. Openshaw required no demonstration, no expressions of affection from her. Indeed, these would rather have disgusted him. Alice could love deeply, but could not talk about it. The perpetual requirement of loving words, looks, and caresses, and misconstruing their absence into absence of love, had been the great trial of her former married life. Now, all went on clear and straight, under the guidance of her husband's strong sense, warm heart, and powerful will. Year by year their worldly prosperity increased. At Mrs. Wilson's death, Norah came back to them, as nurse to the newly-born little Edwin; into which post she was not installed without a pretty strong oration on the part of the proud and happy father; who declared that if he found out that Norah ever tried to screen the boy by a falsehood, or to make him neah either in body or mind, she should go that very day. Norah and Mr. Openshaw were not on the most thoroughly cordial terms; neither of them fully recognizing or appreciating the other's best qualities.

This was the previous history of the Lancashire family who had now removed to London, and had come to occupy the House.

They had been there about a year, when Mr. Openshaw suddenly informed his wife that he had determined to heal long-standing feuds, and had asked his uncle and aunt Chadwick to come and pay them a visit and see London. Mrs. Openshaw had never seen this uncle and aunt of her husband's. Years before she had married him, there had been a quarrel. All she knew was, that Mr. Chadwick was a small manufacturer in a country town in South Lancashire. She was extremely pleased that the breach was to be healed, and began making preparations to render their visit pleasant.

They arrived at last. Going to see London was such an event, to them, that Mrs. Chadwick had made all new linen fresh for the occasion—from night-caps downwards; and, as for gowns, ribbons, and collars, she might have been going into the wilds of Canada where never a shop is, so large was her stock. A fortnight before the day of her departure for London, she had formally called to take leave of all her acquaintance; saying she should need all the intermediate time for packing up. It was like a second wedding in her imagination; and, to complete the resemblance which an entirely new wardrobe made between the two events, her husband brought her back from Manchester, on the last market-day before they set off, a gorgeous pearl and amethyst brooch, saying, "Lunnon should see that Lancashire folks knew a handsome thing when they saw it."

For some time after Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick arrived at the Openshaws', there was no opportunity for wearing this brooch; but at length they obtained an order to see Buckingham Palace, and the spirit of loyalty demanded that Mrs. Chadwick should wear her best clothes in visiting the abode of her sovereign. On her return, she hastily changed her dress; for Mr. Openshaw had planned that they should go to Richmond, drink tea and return by moonlight. Accordingly, about five o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw and Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick set off.

The housemaid and cook sat below, Norah hardly knew where. She was always engrossed in the nursery, in tending her two children, and in sitting by the restless, excitable Ailsie till she fell asleep. By and by the housemaid Bessy, tapped gently at the door. Norah went to her, and they spoke in whispers.

"Nurse! there's some one down-stairs wants you."

"Want's me! Who is it?"

"A gentleman—"

"A gentleman? Nonsense!"

"Well! a man, then, and he asks for you, and he rung at the front door bell, and has walked into the dining-room."

"You should never have let him," exclaimed Norah, "master and missus out—"

"I did not want him to come in; but, when he heard you lived here, he walked past me, and sat down on the first chair, and said—'Tell her to come and speak to me.' There is no gas lighted in the room, and supper is all set out."

"He'll be off with the spoons!" exclaimed Norah, putting the housemaid's fear into words, and preparing to leave the room, first, however, giving a look to Ailsie, sleeping soundly and calmly.

Down-stairs she went, uneasy fears stirring in her bosom. Before she entered the dining-room she provided herself with a candle, and, with it in her hand, she went in looking round her in the darkness for her visitor.

He was standing up holding by the table. Norah and he looked at each other; gradual recognition coming into their eyes.

"Norah?" at length he asked.

"Who are you?" asked Norah, with the sharp tones of alarm and incredulity. "I don't know you;" trying, by futile words of disbelief, to do away with the terrible fact before her.

"Am I so changed?" he said, pathetically. "I daresay I am. But, Norah, tell me!" he breathed hard, "where is my wife? Is she—is she alive?"

He came nearer to Norah, and would have taken her hand; but she backed away from him; looking at him all the time with staring eyes, as if he were some horrible object. Yet he was a handsome, bronzed, good-looking fellow, with beard and moustache, giving him a foreign looking aspect; but his eyes? there was no mistaking those eager, beautiful eyes—the very same that Norah had watched not half-an-hour ago, till sleep stole softly over them.

"Tell me, Norah—I can bear it—I have feared it so often. Is she dead?" Norah still kept silence. "She is dead!" He hung on Norah's words and looks, as if for confirmation or contradiction.

"What shall I do?" groaned Norah. "Oh, sir! why did you come? how did you find me out? where have you been? We thought you dead, we did, indeed!" She poured out words and questions to gain time, as if time would help her.

"Norah! answer me this question straight, by yes or no—is my wife dead?"

"No, she is not!" said Norah, slowly and heavily.

"Oh, what a relief! Did she receive my let-

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

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T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
	Author of "My Last Cruise," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

THREE STORIES by MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——.

POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

OUR MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

We would call the attention of our citizens and of the Postmaster-General, to the want of certain mail facilities, the absence of which is a cause of considerable annoyance to the press and people of this city. There is a midnight mail from Philadelphia to New York, but no corresponding one from New York to Philadelphia. Therefore, when one of the foreign mail steamships happens to arrive after four or five o'clock in the evening, we cannot obtain our foreign letters, &c., until about one o'clock the next day—nearly twenty hours afterwards. In our own case, we often find this to be a great inconvenience—and it is evident that our case must be that of all our business men who have foreign correspondents. Now a late night train—which should leave New York in time to make a connection with the Southern and Western trains which start from this city in the morning—would not only benefit Philadelphia by giving us the foreign and other mails without delay, but would benefit New York by perfecting her mail communications with the South and South-West.

One fact more, in this connection, it may be well to advert to—that the foreign mail designed to go by the Boston steamships on Wednesdays, closes in this city at 8 o'clock, P. M., on Monday. Now it takes, we believe, about twelve hours, full time, to go from city to city—and yet the mail closes here *thirty-eight* hours before the steamer sails.

There is an idea somewhat prevalent in this city, that the New York post-office is not only carelessly, but *selfishly* managed—that important mails for and from other cities are *intentionally delayed* in passing through that city. The result is, that a feeling is growing up towards New York, that sometimes may make itself felt in a manner our neighbors will like but little. To fair business competition no sensible man can have an objection—but to that mean and selfish system of allied trickery and treachery, to which we fear too many of the business men of New York city, both large capitalists and small, are addicted, the business men of other cities cannot be expected to submit without a serious struggle. For ourselves—so persuaded are we that both the New York Post Office and the New York Custom House are managed in a manner highly injurious to the interests of the business men of less corrupt cities—that we can look with no degree of satisfaction on any vote of our representatives in Congress, calculated to give facilities to New York which other cities are not also favored with. There has been too much favoritism shown to that city already—for she abuses such favors, instead of using them impartially, for the general good. And therefore, in case of the future establishment of lines of ocean steamships by the government—and such lines will probably have to be established—we shall advocate the English practice of making the home depot of the lines, some centrally situated but comparatively insignificant port, like Southampton or Galway—to the exclusion of all the large cities—Philadelphia included. Newcastle, in the State of Delaware, which has been mentioned in this connection, would be both central, and suitable in other respects—though we are by no means particular what place is chosen, so that it be central, with a good and safe harbor, and not a large or important city. Then there will be a chance, at least, of fair play to all—and the money of the whole nation will not be used to build up any one great interest to the injury of all others.

THE CHESS MATCH BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.—In the first game of this match, as our readers already know, New York had the first move, and the result was a drawn game. In the second game, recently concluded, Philadelphia had the first move, and, on the 39th move, New York "resigned" the contest—a checkmate being inevitable in a few more moves.

This result was very astonishing to us—for although Philadelphia had beaten New York in a previous match, played some years ago, it was evident from the comments of the New York press, during the first game of the present contest, that our Philadelphia players did not know at all what they were about. For instance, they played a "close" game, when they should have played an open one; they declined to "castle," when New York set them the example; and, in sundry other ways, they were blind as a bat to their own interests. Playing thus weakly and confusedly, it was a matter of wonder to us, we say, how our Philadelphia champions managed to get off with a drawn game in the first place, and a brilliant victory in the second. Probably, however, it was only on the strength of the old maxim, "a fool for luck." New York evidently *ought* to have beaten in both cases—for we Philadelphians are nothing but a set of "stupid old fogies"—and how it came to pass that she did not, is a matter worthy of the deep consideration of every philosophical mind. It is our own private opinion, that if a game of chess could be played with cards or dice—which would enable our New York brethren to bring into action several of those faculties for which they are most remarkable—Philadelphia would be forced to abandon the field in disgrace, almost as soon as she entered it. And, for this reason, we are in constant dread that New York will demand for her "revenge," a match game of the celebrated "three thimbles" and the "little joker." If she does, we would advise our fellow citizens to "back down" at once—for they would be "nowhere" in such a contest.

OLD FASHIONED PATRIOTISM.—Our venerable and patriotic friend, the distinguished Simon Squaretoes, has resolved to contribute his "mite" to the Mount Vernon Fund, on the following principles: First, he will contribute all he can spare at present, to the Monument to Washington, "now in process of erection—" the first stone being already laid, we think warrants the use of this phrase—in Washington Square, in this city. After the first Monument on his list is thus completed, he designs contributing his patriotic "mite" to the completion of the National Monument at Washington; which, at the present, he considers a standing disgrace to the country. Then—all in proper order, it will be noticed—he designs giving his energies, and means, to the erection of the Monument to the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, in Independence Square. And, finally, all these good works accomplished, he intends devoting his spare cash to the Fund for the purchase of the Mount Vernon Property—or at least of as much of it as he considers important, say five to ten acres. It will be perceived that Mr. Squarestoes has cut out enough patriotic labor to last him his lifetime—and, as he cannot do everything at once, being unlike some other patriotic people in this respect, he has resolved to go to work in a systematic and business-like manner. The only addition that we would suggest to his plan of operations, is the adoption of a resolution, on the part of himself and friends, to strangle the first man who dares propose another patriotic job to the country, until all the present half-finished, quarter-finished, and one-fiftieth finished are completed. Killing, in such a case, would hardly be considered, by any intelligent jury, murder. It would not be even man-slaughter—it would only be, at the worst, fool slaughter.

A SELFISH, SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY.—We are pleased to see the general condemnation which the action of the Select Council relative to retarding the travel through this city, meets with from the Philadelphia press. Let every facility, say we, be proffered to travellers—so that they may not be delayed one minute in Philadelphia, if they do not wish to stay. To attempt to detain unwilling guests by breaking the connections between the railroad lines, is contemptible even were it profitable—and we believe it results in pecuniary loss instead of gain. Such conduct is unworthy of Philadelphia. Rather than be a party to the unfair detention of travellers by any game of trap, we would see Philadelphia remain stationary for the next century. But we have no fear of such a result as a consequence of any just and manly conduct.

AS WE THOUGHT.—We quoted last week the prophecy *said* to have been made by Lieut. Maury, that we should have "but ten perfectly clear days this winter," and, after stating our disbelief that he had ever said such a thing, asked him if he had. To this the Lieutenant replies, emphatically, "No—never!" Just as we supposed.

MR. G. P. R. JAMES.

A correspondent writes, asking information respecting Mr. G. P. R. James, and thus unexpectedly summoned to disclose all we know, we become sensible that we are in possession of little with which the world is not already well acquainted. Of course everybody is aware that Mr. James is one of the most distinguished English novelists—in fact the only eminent English *historical* novelist living, for though Bulwer has written historical novels, his successes in this field have never been considerable, his genius being more adapted to deal with purely romantic subjects, as in "Zanoni" or "The Last Days of Pompeii," or else modern, as in "Pelham" or "My Novel." At all events, Bulwer's "Last of the Barons" or "Harold" can hardly be brought into successful competition with James's "Richelieu," "Philip Augustus," "Henri Quatre," "Forest Days," and a host of other historical works of equal ability and celebrity. Sir Walter Scott being gone, we know of no British author who has so finely illustrated the history of the chivalric and feudal ages as Mr. James. In fact, his earlier works drew from Sir Walter Scott, it is recorded, expressions of warm approbation, and we know that no unworthy treatment of themes so near to his heart, could have won warm words from the Master of Abbotsford. The public voice for more than thirty years—for it is more than thirty years since Mr. James began his literary career—has echoed the praise bestowed by Sir Walter on the works of the novelist. No English author has written more voluminously, and none has had a larger circle of readers, both in this country and in Europe. His works are so well known that we need not mention their characteristics, nor expatiate upon their great excellencies. He was recently Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Richmond, Virginia, and public report has already said what kindly regard his personal and social qualities won on all sides from the Virginians, and what general regret and cordial good will, publicly and privately expressed, attended his departure from among them. The occasion of his departure, was, as we suppose all our readers know, his appointment to the British Consulate General of the Adriatic at Venice, where he now is. Our readers may imagine him, if they will, floating in the dark gondola through the watery avenues of the sea-girt city, busily brooding over the closing chapters of "The Cavalier;" the opening chapters of which—notwithstanding the vexatious loss referred to in our last paper—are now in our possession.

SHAKSPEARE, in a lengthy dissertation delivered through a New Orleans "medium," says: "I sincerely regret that my great tragedy of 'Macbeth' cannot be produced as it should be. Had I known the extent to which it was destined to be mangled, travestied and abused, it would have been suppressed after its first run in London. I must wait for another century to produce actors who can represent me properly. They would do it now if they could, for they all know how much I have done for the stage, and they are not ungrateful."

The above is about the only "spiritual" communication from the shades of the great departed, that we ever put any faith in. That the savage and inhuman manner in which Macbeth has been treated on the stage, should have attracted the attention of the great Bard, in his cerulean home, and set "his eye in a *fierce* frenzy rolling," is not at all to be wondered at. And then the charity displayed in the communication, is another proof of its genuineness. The great dramatist says of the actors, "They would represent me properly, if they could!" Yes, "if they could"—that, with his wonderful sagacity, he perceives is the great difficulty. We judge he will have to wait for some ten more centuries, instead of one, to see his plays "properly represented." But then what are ten centuries to a spirit? A mere turn over in his afternoon's siesta.

COL. ALBERT PIKE, of Arkansas, is in Washington, and strenuously denies that he is dead.

If Colonel Pike is "about," and towers up to his usual height of somewhere near seven feet, we think that the fact of his being alive must be "as plain as a pike-staff." It will not always do, however, to admit a man's testimony in this respect, for it is a well known rule of law that "no man is a good witness in his own case."

"THE MANCHESTER MARRIAGE."—This story, from the Christmas number of "Household Words," is so excellent and affecting, that we could not refrain from laying it before our readers, at the risk of its having been read already by a few of them. These latter, however, we are sure, will readily pardon us, in consideration of the treat that the story will be to tens of thousands who, if we did not print it, would probably never see it.

☞ A gentleman in Oregon offers to write us letters for the modest sum of $1,000 a year. We are very much obliged to him indeed for giving THE POST the preference—but respectfully decline the proposition. It is not necessary for THE POST to give absurdly high prices to obtain first quality matter; and we prefer to pay for the articles we use, something near their true value.

ZIEBER'S PERIODICAL AGENCY.—We would call the attention of those of our readers who wish to obtain any of the foreign or domestic reviews or magazines, to the periodical agency of Mr. W. B. ZIEBER, Third street, below Chesnut, in this city. We have always found Mr. Zieber reliable, courteous and obliging in his business operations, and can therefore commend him freely to others.

GOOD FOR GEORGIA.—Georgia has repealed all her laws authorizing lotteries, or the sale of lottery tickets. Why will our gallant little neighbor, Delaware, allow those pests, the lotteries, on her soil—selling her soul to the servants of his Satanic Majesty for so much a year?

☞ A contemporary writes an able article against "lying in bed, late in the morning." Is our contemporary in favor of *lying*, out of bed, late in the morning? As the politicians say, "we pause for a reply."

A WORD OF THANKS.—We have received a number of letters of late from subscribers—old and new—speaking in the highest terms of THE POST, and giving it the preference over all other papers. We may perhaps quote from some of these letters in the future—but, whether we do or not, we trust the writers will believe that their words fall not on inattentive ears, and that their efforts in increasing the circulation of THE POST are thankfully appreciated.

☞ The London wits style the English Divorce tribunal the "Cat and Dog Court." Not very complimentary that—we mean to the animal creation.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for January, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) is a signally good number. The great feature is the talk of the Autocrat's friend—the Professor—who sits at the breakfast table, and utters a discourse so bristling with bold radicalisms, and so flashing and crackling throughout with wit and humor, that you shall not find its counterpart short of Montaigne. In fact, Dr. Holmes might, in more ways than one, be considered a new avatar of the famous Gascon philosopher. Among the other good things in this number, we find the following poem, exquisite in its tender and religious beauty. It is attributed to Longfellow:

AT SEA.

The night is made for cooling shade,
For silence, and for sleep;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast, and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep;
Childlike as then, I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels:
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and cramp
With every shock she feels,
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

Oh hand of God! Oh lamp of peace!
Oh promise of my soul!—
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I own, with love and tender awe,
You perfect type of faith and law!

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light;
The ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant; I cross my palms,
Happy as if, to-night,
Under the cottage-roof, again
I heard the soothing summer-rain.

THE TENANT HOUSE, OR EMBERS FROM POVERTY'S HEARTH STONE, by AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE, (R. M. De Witt, New York,) is a novel of the best intentions—a charity sermon, indeed, put in the form of a novel, and in which the preaching is done by the reader's own thought after these vivid pictures of the life of the wretched have been fixed upon his mind. The story is the second fruit of Mr. Duganne's official investigations as one of a committee of inquiry appointed by the New York Legislature to report upon the condition of the perishing classes in that city. The report having been made to the law-makers, now comes the novel, which makes the report dramatically evident to the people. That it is capable of making the callous and the careless "feel what wretches feel," as well as of aiding to abate a great social evil which legislators and capitalists should take in hand—namely, the letting of houses to tenants which are not even fit for hog-sties—many eminent New York clergymen consider, and have bestowed their warm approbation, publicly, upon the work, as we read in the circulars which accompany it.

THE BANKS OF NEW YORK, THEIR DEALERS, THE CLEARING HOUSE, AND THE PANIC OF 1857, by J. S. GIBBONS, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) a promising title, is matched by the book's performance. As in Le Sage's story Asmodeus takes the roofs off the houses that the student may look in and see what the inmates are doing—so Mr. Gibbons takes down the walls of the banks that the public may observe what operations are going on within. But the reader must not suppose that there are any indiscreet revelations, or that the author is a disciple of Cobbett, breathing war to the banking system. On the contrary, the reader's respect for the banks is increased by this clever, thorough and highly amusing exhibition of their machinery, in its harmonious and complicated play. One would think that to get fun out of such a subject, would be something like getting blood out of a stone. But Mr. Gibbons has done it, and furnished moreover, a great deal of valuable information regarding the New York banking institutions.

PALESTINE, PAST AND PRESENT, by REV. HENRY S. OSBORN, A. M., (James Challen & Son, Philadelphia,) is the title of a large, admirably printed volume of observations in the Holy Land. It is furnished with notes—biblical, literary and scientific—with maps, and with numerous steel, wood, and colored engravings, all beautifully executed, and materially assisting the reader in realizing the localities of Palestine. At this season, still visited by Christmas thoughts and feelings, many readers will enjoy an easy chair pilgrimage to the land hallowed by their religious faith, and will desire to tread, at least in reverie,

"Those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross."

To such readers this volume may well be commended.

THE HISTORY OF PHILIP THE SECOND, KING OF SPAIN, by WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) is now in its third volume. Prescott is the author whom the London *Saturday Review*, in a foolish and flippant article, foolishly and flippantly pronounced to be an imitator of Macaulay. The reader of these pages will soon see that the simple, luminous and straightforward manner of Prescott is as far removed as possible from that of Macaulay, who employs every aid and artifice which rhetoric can afford, and colors and blasons his diction as assiduously as ever mediæval monk adorned the pages of a missal. To be sure, any one who critically inspects Prescott's text will notice that he writes in graceful and elegant English, but still his matter will always be more remarked than his manner, while in Macaulay the reader's first regard must be paid to the extraordinary brilliancy and dexterity of the rhetoric. In this third volume of Prescott's Spanish history, the prominent subjects are the tragedy of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, with the story of the antecedent struggle; the war with the Turks, in which Don John of Austria played so heroic a part; and in conclusion we have some account of the personal life of Philip, the dark and stern monarch, dwelling amid the sombre and sumptuous monastic glooms of the Escorial, that strange palace which still stands, looming from the bleak and savage Guadarrama hills.

A HOUSE TO LET is the title of Dickens's last Christmas and New Year's story, of which a good twenty-five cent edition has been issued by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. The story is quite entertaining, and one of the episodes—"The Manchester Marriage," with which we treat our readers this week—is very touching.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD, by JOSEPH BELCHER, D. D., (American Tract Society, Philadelphia,) is a good account of this famous preacher, compiled by a sympathetic hand.

A COMMONPLACE BOOK TO THE BIBLE (American Tract Society, Philadelphia,) puts the substance of Scripture respecting doctrine, worship, and manners, under appropriate heads for reference. The work is by the celebrated Locke, author of the "Essay on the Human Understanding."

THE BOOK OF MORMON (Jas. O. Wright & Co., New York,) gives us in this new republication of it, an opportunity to acquaint ourselves with the scripture in which the people of Deseret believe.

SHADDY CLOTH.

Almost every parlor centre-table is covered in winter by a woolen table-cover. Piano fortes are often protected by beautiful, soft, highly colored printed woolen covers. Do our female readers know whence comes these beautiful articles, on which fair hands are often laid for contrast, and over which bright eyes linger lovingly? They are made of old woolen rags, the veriest refuse of old wool, and the fragments of old greasy, filthy beggars' rags, which have refused to hang together on a tramper's limbs, and would, a few years back, have been cast out to rot on a manure heap. But skill has advanced, until now, these woolen rags, saturated with small pox miasms or burrowed in by the propagators of cutaneous annoyance, as they often are, are carefully collected from all parts of the British Kingdom and conveyed to Dewsbury, the centre of the *shaddy* trade, as it is called, and there, after being subjected to various processes and torn by powerful machinery into the original condition of wool, are again respun, sometimes with a mixture of fresh wool and sometimes without, and made into *shaddy* cloth. Formerly *shaddy* was used only for padding; but now it is used for pilot and petersham overcoats, piano covers, &c. The army and navy of her Majesty of England are clothed principally in this *shaddy*—or, in other words, in beggars' rags respun. There are few of us who have not at this moment, more or less of these respun rags on our persons. Let us hope that the steam was hot, and the chemical powerful, by which the rags were purged of their former iniquities. The *shaddy* trade is closely analogous to the paper manufacture. It is one of the greatest triumphs of modern art, and betokens the advance of civilization. The utilization of refuse, as in China and Japan, is one of the most salient features of an economical, refined and thoughtful race, as contrasted with the spendthrift habits of a North American Indian, for instance. We trust our fair readers will not be repelled by our disclosures of the origin of some of the articles they daily handle; the *shaddy* trade is a great one already, and is yearly advancing in importance. The manufacture is very active in summer, preparing for the winter sales; but is almost dormant through the winter, as summer is a bad time to dispose of *shaddy*.—*Hartford Cour.*

DUTIES AND PLEASURES OF WOMEN.—Great indeed is the task assigned to woman. Who can exaggerate its importance? Not to make laws, not to govern empires, but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires are governed; to guard from the slightest stain of possible infirmity, that frail and yet spotless creature, whose moral, no less than physical being, must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, shall learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, to chasten honor into virtue, by her soothing cares to allay the anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar laboring under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to compensate for hopes that are blighted, for the friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away.

You must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;
You must either serve or govern,
Must be slave or must be sovereign;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil or be sledge.

☞ A SWEET COMPARISON.—Children are much like jellies—as they are moulded, so will they turn out.

CHEAP HOME-MADE HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

BY ANNA HOPE.

"I could live without a closet," said a lady to me, "but I don't know how I could live without a closet door." As she spoke she opened this valued door, and displayed its various conveniences. Upon it hung her dressing gown, her working apron, and other articles, suspended from small brass nails or hooks. On the lower part of the door was a shoe-bag from which shoes, and gaiters and india rubbers were peeping out, ready for her selection at any moment.

A *shoe-bag* is a great convenience. After becoming accustomed to use it, a lady would scarcely be willing to be without one. Shoe-bags are made in various forms. Sometimes a square piece of calico is taken, and two rows of pockets felled on. These pockets are wide and deep enough to admit easily a pair of gaiters or slippers, yet not so deep as to conceal the whole shoe. A larger pocket may be made for "leggins," or stockings, or any comforts for the feet. These bags may be tacked to the closet door.

Other shoe-bags are made of two circular pieces of calico—the larger about a yard in diameter, and the smaller a little more than two-thirds of a yard. These circles are so folded as to make eight divisions, and are sewed together where they are creased. Through the hem of the larger circle a string is drawn, thus forming a bag for stockings.

Pockets may be made in a straight piece of calico, and this gathered around a small circle, like the bottom of a basket, and the top drawn.

These bags may be made of calico, or delaine, or merino, or of any material one chooses. The pockets can be made of different colors. Brown linen, trimmed with colored braid, is pretty.

A travelling toilet-bag of oiled silk is another convenience. It should be made with different sized pockets for the brush, comb, fine comb, nail brush, tooth brush, wash cloth, or sponge, and soap.

Much of the furniture of a chamber may be made with very little expense, where economy is a consideration. Soap-boxes lined with paper, and covered with chintz, make not only good seats, but are useful as substitutes for drawers. As receptacles of pamphlets and newspapers, they are not to be despised. Shoe-boxes, thus lined, and covered, form quite respectable "divans." A long box for a lounge, with a top that can be raised, is a nice place for dresses not in common use. Dresses hung in closets become "stringy," and if folded in a small compass they are wrinkled. Almost every one has seen the hour-glass work-tables. They are frequently made too high, but when they are not, they are very pretty articles of furniture, and the pockets around the top are always convenient. Toilet tables are sometimes made by putting a substantial top over a barrel and covering it with furniture calico. Such a barrel is pretty sure to be full of what, otherwise, no one knows exactly what to do with. Very comfortable hassocks, for the feet, may be made by cutting out two circles of cotton, twelve or fourteen inches in diameter, and stitching between them a strip six or seven inches wide. Stuff this evenly and firmly with the contents of the rag-bag, if you have nothing better, and then cover it with carpeting or drugget.

A cutting board is desirable in every family. This is made to lie on the lap. The outer edge is somewhat rounded, and the inner is cut out so as partly to inclose the body, thus keeping it in place with less difficulty than otherwise. It is very wearisome to stand by a table to cut, as every one knows. Even a common square piece of board is much better than nothing for this purpose.—*American Agriculturist.*

TWILIGHT.—Longfellow thus happily describes the gradual coming on of its shadows:

Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade,
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red.
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.
Deeper, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah! the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

SCIENCE AND LONG LIFE.—Dr. Buchanan has stated, in a lecture before the Mechanics' Institute, Cincinnati, that, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, one half of all who were born died under five years of age; and the average longevity of the whole population was but eighteen years. In the seventeenth century, one-half the population died under twelve years. But in the first sixty years of the eighteenth century, one-half of the population lived over twenty-seven years; in the latter forty years, one-half exceeded thirty-two years of age. At the beginning of the present century, one-half exceeded forty years; and from 1838 to 1845, one half exceeded forty-three. The average longevity of these successive periods, has been increased from 18 years in the sixteenth century, up to 43-7 by the last reports. This increase in the duration of life is believed to be the result of improved medical science, improvements in the construction of houses, drainage of streets, and superior clothing.

☞ Had I a careful and pleasant companion, that should show me my angry face in a glass, I should not at all take it ill. Some are wont to have a looking-glass held to them while they wash, though to little purpose; but to behold a man's self so unnaturally disguised and disordered, will conduce not a little to the impeachment of anger.—*Plutarch.*

☞ The grave is the common treasury for which we must all be taxed.—*Burke.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION—THE EMPRESS'S MIRROR—TOO SOON—BLIND LEADERS—A SERIOUS EVIL—FRENCH LIBERTY—A JOLLY GATHERING—TAKE CARE OF YOUR VIOLINS—A CHARMING COUNTRY.

Paris, December 2, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Among the most curious novelties of the season is the ingenious method, recently discovered here, of converting common sawdust into an artificial ebony, susceptible of taking a polish equal to that of marble, and nearly as hard as that of stone. The sawdust, in order to produce this novel and beautiful material, is mixed with an insoluble chemical agent, and a coloring matter; it is then heated to a high degree, and submitted to a heavy pressure. This treatment over, the sawdust has become changed into a homogeneous black mass, susceptible of being applied to every purpose for which ebony is in request. The collection of inkstands, ornamental boxes, backs of brushes, paper-cutters, picture-frames, book-stands, reading-desks, and *plaques* of wood-carving for incrustation in larger pieces of ornamental furniture is varied and beautiful, and no one, on seeing these charming things, would imagine them to be made of anything but a natural wood. The artificial product has, moreover, the advantage of being more durable than the real wood, while being also very much cheaper.

The Emperor and Empress are expected today from Compiegne, and will remain here through the winter. A few days ago their Majesties visited two or three noted manufactories in the neighborhood of Compiegne, among others that of St. Gobian, where the best French mirrors are made, and which took the great medal, in 1855, for the enormous mirror which will be remembered by all visitors to that magnificent exhibition. Having watched a workman who was engaged in silvering a sheet of glass, the Empress suddenly exclaimed,

"How very easy it is to do!"

"Very easy, madame," replied the workman, "when one knows how to do it."

"Let me try!" returned the Empress; and a fresh sheet of glass being brought for her experiment, the Empress proceeded forthwith to the silvering of it with equal zeal and success. The Emperor watched her operations with a smile, occasionally lifting the sleeves of her cloak to prevent their getting into the quicksilver. The affair terminated, and the glass having turned out very well, the proprietors of the establishment offered to send it to Compiegne; but the Empress declined this proposition, and directed the trophy of her industrial skill to be framed and hung up in the establishment as a memento of her visit.

Religious bigotry, which unfortunately has not yet disappeared from our planet, seems just now to be raising its head, and preparing to be active. Think, for instance, of the Christian charity and gentleness just manifested by the clergy of Ajaccio, Corsica, where a gentleman named Becqx, who had arrived there a fortnight before, died, and was refused burial, simply because a Bible, printed in London, was found among his books. M. Becqx was a man of independent fortune, residing in Paris; in delicate health, and having come to Corsica for the winter. None, not even his servant, knew of what religion he was; though the servant said he had frequently seen his master go to the Roman Catholic churches. But the discovery of the Bible, when the inventory was made of the effects of the deceased, led the clergy of Ajaccio to refuse the admission of the body into any of the churches, or to afford it the rites of burial!

Despite, or perhaps in consequence of, the constant intermeddling of the Government in the dietary affairs of the country, the public is far from satisfied with the unconscionable dealings of those who supply it with the various necessaries of life. Notwithstanding the throwing open of the butcher's trade, the price of meat is as high as ever, and much excitement prevails in various parts of the country, on the subject of butchers and the extortions they inflict upon the public. In Paris, a M. Cernuschi has published a project, tending to enable the public to free themselves of the tyranny of the butchers, by forming associations among consumers, each association to employ an agent to purchase and slaughter a sufficient number of animals to supply its own members with meat at first cost. A great economy might undoubtedly be realized in this manner; but the difficulties of detail involved in such an undertaking would probably render it virtually impracticable. The people of the Departments are as angry as those of Paris, at seeing that the late fall in the price of live stock all over the country, had no effect upon the exorbitance of the price of meat. At La Chatre the mayor, incited to the experiment by the numerous complaints made to him upon the subject, and with the approbation of the municipal council, purchased two or three head of cattle, had them killed, and having deducted all the expenses attendant upon the operation, thus ascertained the exact price of the meat. When this had been done, he summoned the butchers of the town to the *mairie*; and finding that they persisted in keeping their price up to 22 cents, he caused the meat he had had killed to be sold publicly at 14 cents the first quality, and 12 cents the second quality, being a gain of eight cents to the consumer. The animals slaughtered were the finest that the mayor had been able to procure, but he could sell the meat as above without loss. Admitting that butchers will only the choicest meat, (and Heaven knows, or the public knows at any rate, that such is far from being the fact,) the French butchers now net, on an average, $21 on every animal they kill. In consequence of this experiment, the butchers offered to the mayor to reduce their prices from 22 to 18 cents the pound, if the municipality would cease their sales, and the mayor accordingly accepted this proposition.

The Mayor of Lisieux, probably moved to the step by his brother of La Chatre, has just summoned a meeting of all the butchers of that town, and informed them that if they persist in refusing to reduce the price of meat, the municipality will establish the sale of meat by auction. The question of subsistence is one of those which press most heavily on the French authorities; the people expecting the Government to see to the matter of the providing of food; and being always disposed to overturn a Government under whose auspices food is dearer than they think it ought to be. The constant growth of the capital renders the question more and more difficult every year, especially as the "improvements" going on here upon so unprecedented a scale, keep up such a drain on the municipal treasury that the City Fathers know not which way to turn to fill it.

The following figures show the progress of the extension of Paris since the 12th century. Under Philip Augustus, it was 2,528,673 square metres: under Charles V. and Charles VI., 4,391,720: Francis I. and Henry II., 4,836,013: Henry IV., 5,678, 178: Louis XII., 11,038,975: Louis XIV. and XV., 13,370,725: Louis XVI., 33,703,307: and at the present time, 34,336,900. Should the extension of the city limits, so as to include the wide circle of territory including Passy, Boulogne, St. Cloud, &c., really be put into execution as is rumored, the area of the capital will be quadrupled by the measure, and the whole of the population it contains will be forced to pay the tax on food, wine, fuel, &c., which is levied by the municipality of the capital, and to avoid which so many thousands of the poorer classes, and people of small incomes, have been in the habit of settling outside the city wall instead of within it. A very large addition will thus be made to the municipal revenues at the expense of the present outlying population. Of the nuisance of this municipal tax, or *octroi*, taken at the gates of the cities and towns by the agents of the city authorities, as well as of the vexations attendant on the French system of considering every action as prohibited, unless specially permitted by law, a striking instance is afforded by the regulations relating to wine. Not only this beverage must pay a tax on every bottle admitted into the towns, but you cannot even carry a bottle of it from your own cellar to that of your next neighbor, if you live in the country, without the "bother" of a preliminary visit to the nearest *bureau d' administration*, where you give your name and address, those of the party to whom you wish to convey the wine, with a declaration of the value of the same, and a lot of those other details about which "administrations" seem to take an inhuman pleasure in causing applicants to make statements. When all this is accomplished, a printed "permit of transportation" is handed to you, for which you pay the sum of 2 *sous*; no very great affair, certainly, were it not for the intolerable annoyance of having to waste so much time and trouble in going to get it. A friend of mine, living just outside the gates of Paris, has some very good Malaga; a few days ago, his mother-in-law happening to dine there, my friend proposed to her to take a couple of bottles of this wine home with her in the evening, for the use of a member of the family then lying ill at her house. Unluckily, neither the host nor his mother-in-law bethought them of the necessity of sending off for a permit; and the lady carried off the two bottles to Paris without the precious bit of stamped paper. When she reached the *octroi*, where she duly presented the two bottles to pay the tax on the same, the agents fined her the sum of ₴3,50 (more than thrice the value of the wine), because she had not taken out this permit! Is it not clear that a people who can tolerate this constant petty interference of the Government in the private details of everyday life, however much they may rave about "liberty," and however ready they may be to make general overturnings in its desecrated name, are really unfit for the exercise of rational freedom, and that their doings, as well as those of their rulers, must really be judged by a very different standard than that of the Anglo-Saxon races?

But to leave a question which would need too much space for its discussion, let me mention, for the edification of all lovers of the dance, that the veteran *artiste*, Taglioni, who is now in Paris, offering a conclusive proof of the excellent effect of that species of exercise upon the health, has just been complimented with a grand dinner, offered to the great dancer, on Saturday last, by the principal performers of the grand opera of this city. Fifty-three persons sat down to table, verses in reference to the occasion being recited at the dessert, after which a new quadrille was danced by Mesdames Taglioni, Rosati, Cerito, and Plunkett, with Messrs. Magilier, Petipa, Merante, and Beauchet, that is to say, the eight most finished *artistes* in the way of dancing to be found at this day on our little planet. The evening, as may well be imagined, passed off in the gayest and most brilliant manner.

Dancing and fiddling seeming to be connected by a sort of natural fitness and affinity, I may add for the enlightenment of *amateurs*, that M. Otto, of Weimer, in a treatise just published on the construction of the violin, gives the following rules for the proper preservation of that instrument. It should be kept, he says, in a wooden case lined with cloth or woollen to preserve it from heat and cold, and from sudden changes of temperature, which have a tendency to crack the wood of which the instrument is made, and to give it a disagreeable tone. Flies and dust should be carefully excluded; and the inside should be cleaned every six months by introducing a little warmed barley to which the particles of dust will adhere.

The turns of the political kaleidescope—occasionally bring within the sphere of Western vision, odd and unknown parts of the earth of whose very existence we are usually oblivious. We learn that the inhabitants of Morocco are beginning to be getting apprehensive lest the piratical habits of the Arabs of the Riff should be made a pretext by Spain or some other European power for attempting a permanent settlement there. The Emperor of Morocco is placing his standing army on a more efficient footing, arming it with the best firearms, and sending his best officers to England to purchase artillery, and examine the latest improvements in the art of war. It is thought, moreover, that this potentate will chastise the tribes of the Riff himself, in order to take away all pretext for foreign interference with provinces which, though nominally under his sway, he has hitherto been compelled, by the inefficient state of his army, to leave in a sort of semi-independence.

It appears that the internal condition of Morocco is anything but agreeable. The Sultan is both judge and supreme legislator; his code is the Koran, and though he does not habitually administer justice, he receives the complaints of his subjects on certain days, and at once pronounces on them. In the provinces the governors exercise judicial power, but cannot execute any capital sentence without his sanction. These functionaries hold their court outside their houses, and deal summarily with the cases brought before them. Rich offenders generally get off with fines; the poor are beaten with a cowhide, and thieves have their hands cut off. Capital punishments are comparatively rare; but secondary punishments are various and mostly very cruel. Sometimes the criminal is thrown into the air in such a manner as that in falling he breaks an arm, a leg, or his head, according to the sentence; the executioners rarely failing to inflict just the injury ordered by the judge. Sometimes the offender is buried in the earth up to his chin, and subjected to gross indignities; sometimes he is fastened up in a dead ox, or tied to the tail of a mule, or his mouth, ears, and eyes are filled with gunpowder, which is then set on fire. Mutilation, impaling, and suspension on hooks are also employed. Wealthy persons are tortured to make them reveal their treasures; they are put into heated ovens, made to stand for weeks together in wooden boxes, have sharp instruments thrust beneath their nails, or savage cats fastened into their wide trowsers, which tear the flesh; women's breasts are torn off with pincers; children are suffocated under their parents' eyes; and on one occasion, at Tangiers, a man was put into a den, in which a hungry lion was chained in such a way that he could not reach the man so long as the latter remained crouching immoveably in a corner, and when at last the unfortunate wretch moved, the lion tore him to pieces. QUANTUM.

TOM-BOYS.

Why is it that the "Tom-boy" has always been considered a name of reproach, and that as a class it is one forever persecuted and berated? Simply because it has become a custom with us to consider that there is no development for the young but the mental—that our daughters do not need beautiful forms, but only "loves" of dresses—that Jessie, or Jennie, or Hallie must not be children, but tiny women—just mamma in duodecimo. This is a mistake. At this day, when our young men want so sadly what is tersely termed "backbone," when our young women want stamina, when, as a people, we need physical strength, there is a "reform" upon this subject very much needed also.

I would have mothers remember that their daughters' lungs are no better adapted to bear without injury the putrid air of close and heated rooms, than is the breathing apparatus of their sons. I would have them remember that if physical education be restricted, enfeebled health, and a purposeless, aimless life, are not calculated to bring out the genius and build up the reputation of their sons; neither are they to be depended on to do this for their daughters. I would have them encourage their little girls to exercise, effort, industry, and energy, so as to give them the health, vigor, activity, and power to expand into a glorious womanhood; in a word, I would that they be encouraged to become real *bona fide* flesh and blood "Tom-boys."

My idea of a "Tom-boy" does not necessarily include rudeness, uncouth manners, or "outlandish ways" generally—by no means. The "Tom-boy" is an eager, earnest, impulsive, bright-eyed, glad-hearted, kind-souled specimen of the *genus feminæ*. If her laugh is a little too frequent, and her tone a trifle too emphatic, we are willing to overlook these for the sake of the true life and exulting vitality to which they are the "escape-valves;" and indeed we rather like the high-pressure nature which must close off its superfluous "steam" in such ebullitions. The glancing eye, the glowing cheek, the fresh, balmy breath, the lithe and graceful play of the limbs, tell a tale of healthy and vigorous physical development which is nature's best beauty. The soul and the mind will be developed also in due time, and we shall have before us a woman, in the highest sense of the term.

The "Tom-boy" is beautiful, in her way—she is wise also in a way peculiarly her own. She can ride a horse without bridle or saddle, *a la* Joan d'Arc, can tell you what the spade, shovel, and hoe are made for; she knows where the first blue violets grow, and where the wild strawberries ripen. She can describe to you the different fish that haunt the favorite "branch," for she's caught the "silver-shiners" many a time; can inform you when the young brood in the bird's nest will be ready to fly, for that household is under her especial protection; and her native countenance is full of the visions of the weather-seer, as she explains to you that "it is certain to rain to-morrow," for the "pink-eyed pimpernel" has closed, and there is a deep sigh from the south among the trees.

When the "Tom-boy" has sprung up to a healthful and vigorous womanhood she will be ready to take hold of the duties of life, to become a worker in the great system of humanity. She will not sit down to sigh over the "work given her to do," to simper nonsense, languish in *ennui*, or fall sick at heart—but she will ever be able to take up her burden of duty. In her track there will be sound philosophy, in her thoughts boldness and originality, in her heart Heaven's own purity, and the "world will be better that she has lived in it." That beautiful idea, so well expressed by Longfellow, "Life is real, life is earnest," will be the soul of all her actions; she will early realize that woman, the world's great verb, was created not merely "to be," but "to do," and too often, alas! "to suffer" also. But to this, her allotted task, she will bring health, vigor, energy, and spirits, and these will give her both the power and the endurance, without which her life must be, in some respects at least, a failure.

Would that everybody could learn to love and appreciate that beautiful embodiment of freshness, grace, sincerity, simplicity, and nature, the "Tom-boy!"

EUROPEAN NEWS.

LORD ABERCROMBIE AMERICAN MINISTER—COTTON ADVANCED.

The Fulton brings advices from Southampton, England, to the 15th, being three days later news.

She reports having encountered a succession of westerly gales during the voyage, which lasted for twelve days.

It is stated that Lord Abercrombie (and not Lord Lyons, as previously reported) will succeed Lord Napier as Minister to Washington.

The European and American steamship Company has determined to wind up its affairs.

The London money market was very easy, and there was a good supply on 'Change, at 2 per cent. Consols are quoted at 97⅛a97½, ex. div. Funds buoyant.

The Bank of London and the country and city banks had reduced the rate of interest on deposits to 1½ per cent.

The monthly return of the Bank of France shows an increase of £1,120,000 in the deposits.

INDIA.—Port Simroe, in the Kingdom of Oude, had been taken by the English, with the loss of two Europeans. Three or four were wounded.

Many of the leaders of the rebels had submitted. Tantia Topee, in Satapoorah Hills, (the outlets of which are closely guarded,) and Nawab, of Banja, had separated from the rebels and gone to Gen. Mitchell's camp. The remaining rebel leaders had given themselves up, or were about to do so.

RUSSIA.—The Russian nobles were unwilling to emancipate their serfs without full indemnification.

SPAIN.—The Emperor of Morocco had given up to Spain, without conditions, the officers and soldiers who were captured by the Riff pirates.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Dec. 14.—The sales of Cotton for three days amount to 22,000 bales. The market has an advancing tendency. The extreme price obtained in some cases was 1-16 higher than the previous quotations.

STATE OF THE TRADE.—The Manchester markets are firmer and partially dearer.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co.'s circular reports the Flour market with a declining tendency. Sales of Southern at 29s@21s, and Ohio at 21s@24s.—Prices are easier, but no change is made in the quotations. Wheat continues very dull, but nominally unchanged. Corn dull and nominal; mixed sells at 24s@27s.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—The circulars state that the Provision market continues dull. Beef heavy; Pork dull; Bacon quiet; Lard dull.—Tallow is quoted at 52s.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—Rosin is steady at 4s 3d. Sugar buoyant; Coffee quiet; Turpentine Spirits dull at 30s. Ashes—Pots steady at 29s@20s 6d, Pearls steady at 32; Rice—Carolina steady.

Gold can gild a rotten stick, and dirt sully an ingot.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

What an absurd as well as barbarous act to cut off a dog's tail! With his tail a dog expresses not only gratitude, as Fido did, but hope, entreaty, complaisance, affection, love, obedience, wrath, shame, defiance, fear, and frolic. It is clear, then, that in depriving the dog of his tail, you deprive him of an organ of speech.—*Blackwood.*

CARE to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out.
—*Peter Pindar.*

A man must first govern himself, ere he be fit to govern a family; and his family, ere he be fit to bear the government in the commonwealth.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

While I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory; and, blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts; the food that appeases hunger; the drink that quenches thirst! the fire that warms cold; the cold that moderates heat; and lastly, the general coin that purchases all things; the balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the king, and the simple to the wise.—*Sancho Panza in Don Quixote.*

I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Against wrong in the abstract, for thet kind o' wrong
Is offers unpop'lar an' never gets pitied,
Because it's a crime no one ever committed;
But he mustn't be hard on partickler sins,
Cos then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins.
—*The Biglow Papers.*

In the French translation of *Paradise Lost*, "Hail, horrors, hail!" is rendered thus: "*Comment vous portez vous, les horreurs, comment vous portez vous?*" that is, "How d'ye do, horrors, how d'ye do?"

Marriage ought always to be a question—not of necessity, but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union, stamps upon her as foul dishonor as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether; and that, however pale, dreary, and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life must be tenfold worse—an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret—a torment from which there is no escape but death.—*Miss Muloch.*

FRIENDSHIP is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
—*Shakspeare.*

A LUCKY IDEA.—First actor (firing a pistol). "Unnatural son, die by my hand!" (The pistol misses). Second actor (falling on the stage). "It is true the pistol missed fire, oh, my father, but I die, in obedience to your paternal wish."—*German Almanac.*

ILL fares the land, to lurking ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish and may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry—their country's pride—
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

There's no way of getting good art, I repeat, but one—at once the simplest and most difficult—namely, to enjoy it. Examine the history of nations, and you will find this great fact clear and unmistakable on the front of it—that good art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it; fed themselves with it as if it were bread; basked in it as if it were sunshine; shouted at the sight of it; danced with the delight of it; quarrelled for it; fought for it; starved for it; did in fact, precisely the opposite with it of what we want to do with it—they made it to keep, and we to sell.—*Ruskin's Lecture at Cambridge.*

JOHN NEAL says the eagle "has a contempt for all other birds" The owl, however, is more contemptuous still—he hoots at everything.

A NIGHT PICTURE.

Meanwhile, without,
A sighing rain from a low fringe of cloud
Whispered among the melancholy hills.
The night's dark limits widened: far above
The crystal sky lay open: and the star
Of eve, his rosy circlet trembling clear,
Grew large and bright, and in the silver moats
Between the accumulated terraces,
Tangled a trail of fire: and all was still.
—*Owen Meredith.*

The generality of men expend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.—*La Bruyere.*

As the intellect wastes away, malignity generally increases. So, when the brain decays after death, snakes are said to breed in the vacant skull.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.—*Franklin.*

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.—*Bacon.*

The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!—*Carlyle.*

ONCE at a feast, when jokes flew round,
Much thicker than the flies,
The host had doubts if he should carve
The mutton saddle-wise.
And so appealed to Theodore Hook,
The celebrated wit,
Who answered "Bridle-wise, for in
My mouth will be a BIT."

There were two very obese old noblemen at the Court of Louis XV., viz.: the Duc de L——— and the Duc de N———. Both, one day, being present at a *levee*, the King jested with the former upon his corpulence.—"You take no exercise, I suppose," said the King. "Pardon me, sire," was the reply, "I walk twice every day round my cousin De N———!"

Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.—*Bolingbroke.*

MOUNT VERNON.—It is not much to be wondered at, that the base puffing purposes to which the Mount Vernon scheme has been put, should have disgusted many with the whole affair. Thus we find the following rather too "strong" verses in a recent number of the N. Y. Saturday Press:—

Ye who the name of WASHINGTON revere,
Let not that name go bagging for a Shrine;
Let no man for it dare to crave and whine,
Or shock, with clamorous calls, the Nation's ear.
Let the shrewd Yankee and the crafty Jew,
Who seek to link (GOD save our land from this!)
Their paltry names and memories with His,
Know that the country loathes their peddling crew,
And will not trust the Name none can forget,
To Ullman, Bonner, or to Everett.

Whatever enlarges hope, will also exalt courage.—*Dr. Johnson.*

JACK SPRAT could cry no fat,
His wife could *cri-no-line*,
Between—

[Here the editor, in frantic fury, kicked the contributor into the middle of—1860.]—*Punch.*

A minister of the gospel, with not much of a pulpit gift, came into the place of worship drenched with rain, and said to a brother who stood by, as he shook and brushed and wiped his clothes:—"I shall certainly take cold if I go into the pulpit so wet." "Oh, no," was the reply, "you are always *dry enough there.*"

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with an earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand,—crooked, coarse,—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. A second man I honor, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. These two, in all their degrees, I honor: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow wherever it listeth.—*Carlyle.*

SOME must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.
—*Cowper.*

WHICH DO THE LADIES PREFER?—The Germans divide mankind into *Gefuhlsmenschen* and *Verstandsmenschen*. By which they mean that the first act according to the dictates of their *feelings*—*men of feeling*; and the other class according to the dictates of their understanding—*understanding men!*

There's a man out West who says he don't covet wealth by any means, but thinks he should like to be a second Rothschild for a few moments, if only to show his contempt for riches.

Frances Egerton, Duke of Bridgewater, never would let any one come to him—he would always go to them; "for," said he, "if they come to me, they may stay as long as they please—if I go to them, I can stay as long as I please."

A CORRESPONDENT of The Boston Courier tells how Daniel Webster offered himself to the woman of his choice:

"Mr. Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years which he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the books. Mr. Webster was becoming intimate with Miss Grace Fletcher, when the skein of silk getting in a knot, Mr. Webster assisted in unravelling the snarl—then looking up to Miss Grace, he said: "We have 'untied a knot; don't you think we could tie one!' Grace was a little embarrassed, said not a word, but in the course of a few minutes she tied a knot in a piece of tape and handed it to Mr. W. This piece of tape, the thread of his domestic joys, was found after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved as one of his most precious relics."

A SENSIBLE DARKEY.—"Cæsar," said a planter to his negro, "climb up that tree and thin the branches." The negro showed no disposition to comply, and being pressed for a reason, answered: "Well, look heah, massa, if I go up dar and fall down and broke my neck, dat'll be a tousand dollars out of your pocket. Now, why don't you hire an Irishman to go up, and den *he* falls and kills hisself, dar won't be no loss to nobody."

NEWS ITEMS.

THE INALIENABLE RIGHT OF THE HUSBAND TO KICK HIS WIFE OUT OF BED.—The San Francisco District Court lately decided that a husband may kick his wife out of bed, if he has cause for jealousy, and the wife has no remedy in divorce. This important decision advises wives to be prepared to sprawl, as jealousy may any night get into the head and heels of the husbands. The same court, at an earlier time, decided that "unearthly snoring and grunting on the part of the wife may render the husband justifiable in seeking a decree of divorce." The next decision expected from that tribunal will determine the question as to whether a man, after kicking his wife out of bed, may rise and kick her into the street.

SINCE the 1st of January last there have been no fewer than sixty-three murders perpetrated in New York, an appalling increase upon crimes of that grade of the preceding year. It is doubtful whether any other city in the civilized world exhibits so bad a record as this. Another fact worth mentioning is, that there has been but one, only one, execution during the year!

SAINSEBAIN'S vineyard in California, covers forty acres of ground, and has four hundred thousand vines. The product of this vineyard has been this season, thirty seven thousand gallons of white wine, three thousand gallons of red wine, five thousand gallons of angelica, and three thousand gallons of brandy—in all, forty-eight thousand gallons. To make one gallon of brandy requires five gallons of wine; and for each gallon of angelica, about fifteen pints of wine. This will make the produce of the vineyard about sixty-five thousand gallons of wine, and more than six quarts of wine to the vine.

THE MOUNT VERNON Testimonial, in New York, turns out not to have been much of a success. "The vigor and success of the war," as Mr. Webster once observed, "did not come up to the pomp of the manifesto." The amount received was about five thousand dollars, of which three thousand was swallowed up in expenses. Of the balance, half goes to Ullman and the remaining half—say ₴1,000—to the fund.

DEAD BODIES SEEN AT SEA.—Captain Spencer of the packet ship Daniel Webster, from London, arrived last night, reports:—September 20, in latitude 43 degrees 30 minutes, longitude 43 degrees, on the outward passage, passed a large number of dead bodies, swollen and distorted, with the sea birds preying on them. They were, no doubt, of the steamship Austria's passengers. They were nearly together, in groups of two and three.

MRS. DOUGLAS ON THE LATE CANVASS.—A correspondent of The Vincennes Sun, speaking of the pleasant domestic qualities of Mrs. Douglas, relates that, at the Chicago celebration, a few days ago, Mrs. Douglas was asked how she stood the canvass. "Very well," said she, "but I must go and get my husband some clothes—he has come out of the battle half naked. I got him two dozen shirts last spring, and two or three sets of studs—he lost all his shirts but two, and one that don't belong to him—and all the studs but four, which belong to four different sets, and besides, he hasn't any of the other clothes that he started out with."

HOOPS USEFUL.—According to the Chicago Journal, a dishonest servant, who was in the habit of sporting immense hoops, was discharged by her employer, who soon, missing articles, dispatched an officer after the girl, who was arrested, and a woman was employed to search her, with the following result:—A bag of buckwheat, a quantity of flour, a small can of milk, several pounds of sugar, a package of tea, and a jug of molasses actually pinned to her petticoats, and hanging upon her crinoline. A further search brought to the light a large quantity of cakes concealed in her bosom.

THE TARE ON COFFEE.—The difficulty which has existed between the importers and dealers of New York, regarding the tare on coffee, has been settled by allowing one per cent. in future.

THE brig Anglo Saxon, at Boston from Porto Praya, reports having been boarded on the 27th of October, by the British naval steamer Ajax. She was detained an hour and a half, while her papers were being overhauled. The case has been brought before the Government at Washington.

IN the Insane Asylum, at New York, one of the most noted characters imagined herself to be Mrs. Buchanan, and Presidentess of the United States.

CITY EXPENDITURE.—The tax of New York for 1859, hast just been submitted to the Common Council, and the sum total reaches the astounding aggregate of nearly *eight millions of dollars*. The expenditures of the *State* of New York are much less than those of the city, being only about five millions.

A TRAIN of cars from Columbus to Macon, Georgia, on the 31st, ran into a culvert, near Columbus, killing two of the train hands, and injuring the engineer. Another train going to Macon, having on board twenty-nine persons, including the employees, fell through a bridge when sixteen miles from Columbus. Seventeen persons were killed.

A St. LAWRENCE county (New York) paper says that recently a board of trustees of one of the neighboring towns checked a walking match between two men because of its immoral tendencies, and a few days after licensed the same parties to give a sparring match!

DELICATE.—In a train of cars from Fitchburg to Boston, a short time since, an elegant and fashionably dressed lady was forced to travel ten miles, standing in the passage way of the car, not being able to compress her garments so as to enter the seat. The fair one made sundry endeavors to force herself into a seat, but finally gave up in despair. Hoops proved inexorable.

WHOLESALE ABUSE OF OPIUM.—One of the curious facts recently revealed by the publication of custom-house tables, is, that there was imported into this country last year, three hundred thousand pounds of opium. Of this amount, it is estimated, from reliable data, that not more than one-tenth is used for medical purposes. The habit of eating opium is known to be spreading rapidly among lawyers, doctors, clergymen and literary men, and enormous quantities are used by the manufacturers of those poisonous liquids which are dealt out in drinks in the saloons and groggeries that infest every city and village in the country.

A YOUNG GIANT.—Master M. T. Tucker, aged 14, of Todd county, Ky., measures 6 feet 6 inches in height.

DEATH OF MISS THRALE.—The London papers announce the death of Miss Susannah Thrale. She was the third daughter of Henry Thrale, the brewer, at whose hospitable house (Streatham) Dr. Johnson spent so much of his time, and Boswell took so many of his notes. Thrale was a man of large wealth and liberal tastes, and his name has become associated with that circle of eminent literary men who were wont to assemble at his table, including Burke, Garrick, Reynolds, &c., &c., &c. Mrs. Thrale is a prominent person in all the biographies of Dr. Johnson, and contributed much valuable material toward them. She married a second husband, Gabriel Piozzi, and thereby lost the Doctor's esteem and affection. Miss Susannah Thrale was one of "the five girls remaining," whom the Doctor wrote about to Boswell from Streatham, in 1774.—She was one of those in whom he took such infinite pleasure and interest there, and one of those he thought of in that prayer which he offered up when her mother's inattention made the old man leave the house at Streatham forever. Miss Susannah Thrale expired in her 90th year—the last survivor of that once genial and celebrated circle.—*Albany Journal, December 21.*

ters? But perhaps you don't know. Why did you leave her? Where is she? Oh, Norah, tell me all quickly!"

"Mr. Frank!" said Norah, at last, almost driven to bay by her terror lest her mistress should return at any moment, and find him there—unable to consider what was best to be done or said—rushing at something decisive, because she could not endure her present state; "Mr. Frank! we never heard a line from you, and the shipowners said you had gone down, you and every one else. We thought you were dead, if ever man was, and poor Miss Alice and her little sick, helpless child! Oh, sir, you must guess it," cried the poor creature at last, bursting out into a passionate fit of crying, "for indeed I cannot tell it. But it was no one's fault. God help us all this night!"

Norah had sat down. She trembled too much to stand. He took her hands in his. He squeezed them hard, as if by physical pressure, the truth could be wrung out.

"Norah!" This time his tone was calm, stagnant as despair. "She has married again!"

Norah shook her head sadly. The grasp slowly relaxed. The man had fainted.

There was brandy in the room. Norah forced some drops into Mr. Frank's mouth, chafed his hands, and—when mere animal life returned, before the mind poured in its flood of memories and thoughts—she lifted him up, and rested his head against her knees. Then she put a few crumbs of bread taken from the supper-table, soaked in brandy, into his mouth. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"Where is she? Tell me this instant." He looked so wild, so mad, so desperate, that Norah felt herself to be in bodily danger; but her time of dread had gone by. She had been afraid to tell him the truth, and then she had been a coward. Now, her wits were sharpened by the sense of his desperate state. He must leave the house. She would pity him afterwards; but now she must rather command and upbraid; for he must leave the house before her mistress came home. That one necessity stood clear before her.

"She is not here; that is enough for you to know. Nor can I say exactly where she is," (which was true to the letter if not to spirit.) "Go away, and tell me where to find you to-morrow, and I will tell you all. My master and mistress may come back at any minute, and then what would become of me with a strange man in the house?"

Such an argument was too petty to touch his excited mind.

"I don't care for your master and mistress. If your master is a man, he must feel for me—poor shipwrecked sailor that I am—kept for years a prisoner among savages, always, always, always thinking of my wife and my home—dreaming of her by night, talking to her, though she could not hear, by day. I loved her more than all Heaven and earth put together. Tell me where she is, this instant, you wretched woman, who saived over her wickedness to her, as you do to me."

The clock struck ten. Desperate positions require desperate measures.

"If you will leave the house now, I will come to you to-morrow, and tell you all. What is more, you shall see your child now. She lies sleeping up-stairs. Oh, sir, you have a child, you do not know that as yet—a little, weakly girl—with just a heart and soul beyond her years. We have reared her up with such care. We watched her, for we thought for many a year she might die any day, and we tended her, and no hard thing has come near her, and no rough word has ever been said to her. And now you come and will take her life into your hand, and will crush it. Strangers to her have been kind to her; but her own father—Mr. Frank, I am her nurse, and I love her, and I tend her, and I would do anything for her that I could. Her mother's heart beats as hers beats; and, if she suffers a pain, her mother trembles all over. If she is happy, it is her mother that smiles and is glad. If she is growing stronger, her mother is healthy; if she dwindles, her mother languishes. If she dies—well, I don't know; it is not every one can lie down and die when they wish it. Come up-stairs, Mr. Frank, and see your child. Seeing her will do good to your poor heart. Then go away in, God's name, just this one night—to-morrow, if need be, you can do anything—kill us all if you will, or show yourself a great grand man, whom God will bless for ever and ever. Come, Mr. Frank, the look of a sleeping child is sure to give peace."

She led him up stairs; at first almost helping his steps, till they came near the nursery door. She had almost forgotten the existence of little Edwin. It struck upon her with affright as the shaded light fell upon the other cot; but she skillfully threw that corner of the room into darkness, and let the light fall on the sleeping Ailsie. The child had thrown down the coverings, and her deformity, as she lay with her back to them, was plainly visible through her slight night-gown. Her little face, deprived of the lustre of her eyes, looked wan and pinched, and had a pathetic expression in it, even as she slept. The poor father looked and looked with hungry, wistful eyes, into which the big tears came swelling up slowly, and dropped heavily down as he stood trembling and shaking all over. Norah was angry with herself for growing impatient of the length of time that long lingering gaze lasted. She thought that she waited for full half an-hour before Frank stirred. And then—instead of going away—he sank down upon his knees by the bedside, and buried his face in the clothes. Little Ailsie stirred uneasily. Norah pulled him up in terror. She could afford no more time even for prayer in her extremity of fear; for surely the next moment would bring her mistress home. She took him forcibly by the arm; but, as he was going, his eye lighted on the other bed; he stopped. Intelligence came back into his face. His hands clenched.

"His child?" he asked.

"Her child," replied Norah. "God watches over him," said she, instinctively; for Frank's looks excited her fears, and she needed to remind herself of the Protector of the helpless.

"God has not watched over me," he said, in despair; his thoughts apparently recoiling on his own desolate, deserted state. But Norah had no time for pity. To-morrow she would be as compassionate as her heart prompted. At length she guided him down stairs and shut the outer door and bolted it—as if by bolts to keep out facts.

Then she went back into the dining-room and effaced all traces of his presence as far as she could. She went up stair to the nursery and sat there, her head on her hand, thinking what was to come of all this misery. It seemed to her very long before they did return; yet it was hardly eleven o'clock. She heard the loud, hearty Lancashire voices on the stairs; and, for the first time, she understood the contrast of the desolation of the poor man who had so lately gone forth in lonely despair.

It almost put her out of patience to see Mrs. Openshaw come in, calmly smiling, handsomely dressed, happy, easy, to inquire after her children.

"Did Ailsie go to sleep comfortably?" she whispered to Norah.

"Yes."

Her mother bent over her, looking at her slumbers with the soft eyes of love. How little she dreamed who had looked on her last! Then she went to Edwin, with perhaps less wistful anxiety in her countenance, but more of pride. She took off her things to go down to supper. Norah saw her no more that night.

Beside the door into the passage, the sleeping nursery opened out of Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw's room, in order that they might have the children more immediately under their own eyes. Early the next summer morning Mrs. Openshaw was awakened by Ailsie's startled call of "Mother! mother!" She sprang up, put on her dressing-gown, and went to her child. Ailsie was only half awake, and in a not uncommon state of terror.

"Who was he, mother? Tell me!"

"Who, my darling? No one is here. You have been dreaming, love. Waken up, quite. See, it is broad daylight."

"Yes," said Ailsie, looking round her; then clinging to her mother, said, "but a man was here in the night, mother."

"Nonsense, little goose. No man has ever come near you!"

"Yes, he did. He stood there. Just by Norah. A man with hair and a beard. And he knelt down and said his prayers. Norah knows he was here, mother" (half angrily, as Mrs. Openshaw shook her head in smiling incredulity).

"Well! we will ask Norah when she comes," said Mrs. Openshaw, soothingly. "But we won't talk any more about him now. It is not five o'clock; it is too early for you to get up. Shall I fetch you a book and read to you?"

"Don't leave me, mother," said the child, clinging to her. So Mrs. Openshaw sat on the bedside talking to Ailsie, and telling her of what they had done at Richmond the evening before, until the little girl's eyes slowly closed and she once more fell asleep.

"What was the matter?" asked Mr. Openshaw, as his wife returned to bed.

"Ailsie, wakened up in a fright, with some story of a man having been in the room to say his prayers,—a dream, I suppose." And no more was said at the time.

Mrs. Openshaw had almost forgotten the whole affair when she got up about seven o'clock. But, bye-and-bye she heard a sharp altercation going on in the nursery. Norah speaking angrily to Ailsie, a most unusual thing. Both Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw listened in astonishment.

"Hold your tongue, Ailsie! let me hear none of your dreams; never let me hear you tell that story again!" Ailsie began to cry.

Mr. Openshaw opened the door of communication before his wife could say a word.

"Norah, come here!"

The nurse stood at the door, defiant. She perceived she had been heard, but she was desperate.

"Don't let me hear you speak in that manner to Ailsie again," he said, sternly, and shut the door.

Norah was infinitely relieved; for she had dreaded some questioning; and a little blame for sharp speaking was what she could well bear, if cross examination was let alone.

Down stairs they went, Mr. Openshaw carrying Ailsie; the sturdy Edwin coming step by step, right foot foremost, always holding his mother's hand. Each child was placed in a chair by the breakfast-table, and then Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw stood together at the window, awaiting their visitors' appearance and making plans for the day. There was a pause. Suddenly Mr. Openshaw turned to Ailsie, and said:—

"What a little goosy somebody is with her dreams, waking up poor, tired mother in the middle of the night with a story of a man being in the room."

"Father! I'm sure I saw him," said Ailsie, half crying. "I don't want to make Norah angry; but I was not asleep, for all she says I was. I had been asleep,—and I awakened up quite wide awake, though I was so frightened. I kept my eyes nearly shut, and I saw the man quite plain. A great brown man with a beard. He said his prayers. And then he looked at Edwin. And then Norah took him by the arm and led him away, after they had whispered a bit together."

"Now, my little woman must be reasonable," said Mr. Openshaw, who was always patient with Ailsie. "There was no man in the house last night at all. No man comes into the house as you know, if you think; much less goes up into the nursery. But sometimes we dream something has happened, and the dream is so like reality, that you are not the first person, little woman, who has stood out that the thing has really happened."

"But, indeed it was not a dream!" said Ailsie, beginning to cry.

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick came down, looking grave and discomposed. All during breakfast time they were silent and uncomfortable. As soon as the breakfast things were taken away, and the children had been carried up stairs, Mr. Chadwick began in an evidently preconcerted manner to inquire if his nephew was certain that all his servants were honest; for, that Mrs. Chadwick had that morning missed a very valuable brooch, which she had worn the day before. She remembered taking it off when she came home from Buckingham Palace. Mr. Openshaw's face contracted into hard lines: grew like what it was before he had known his wife and her child. He rang the bell even before his uncle had done speaking. It was answered by the housemaid.

"Mary, was any one here last night while we were away."

"A man, sir, came to speak to Norah."

"To speak to Norah? Who was he? How long did he stay?"

"I'm sure I can't tell, sir. He came—perhaps about nine. I went up to tell Norah in the nursery, and she came down to speak to him. She let him out, sir. She will know who he was and how long he stayed."

She waited a moment to be asked any more questions, but she was not, so she went away.

A minute afterwards Openshaw made as though he were going out of the room; but his wife laid her hand on his arm:

"Do not speak to her before the children," she said, in her low, quiet voice. "I will go up and question her."

"No! I must speak to her. You must know," said he, turning to his uncle and aunt, "my missus has an old servant, as faithful as ever woman was, I do believe, as far as love goes,—but, at the same time, who does not always speak truth, as even the missus must allow. Now, my notion is, that this Norah of ours has been come over by some good-for-nothing chap (for she's at the time o' life when they say women pray for husbands—'any, good Lord, any,') and has let him into our house, and the chap has made off with your brooch, and m'appen many another thing beside. It's only saying that Norah is soft-hearted, and does not stick at a white lie—that's all, missus."

It was curious to notice how his tone, his eyes, his whole face changed as he spoke to his wife; but he was the resolute man through all. She knew better than to oppose him; so she went up stairs, and told Norah her master wanted to speak to her, and that she would take care of the children in the meanwhile.

Norah rose to go without a word. Her thoughts were these:

"If they tear me to pieces they shall never know through me. He may come,—and then just Lord have mercy upon us all: for some of us are dead folk to a certainty. But he shall do it; not me."

You may fancy, now, her look of determination as she faced her master alone in the dining-room; Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick having left the affair in their nephew's hands, seeing that he took it up with such vehemence.

"Norah! Who was that man that came to my house last night?"

"Man, sir!" As if infinitely surprised; but it was only to gain time.

"Yes; the man whom Mary let in; whom she went up stairs to the nursery to tell you about; whom you came down to speak to; the same chap, I make no doubt, whom you took into the nursery to have your talk out with; whom Ailsie saw, and afterwards dreamed about; thinking, poor wench! she saw him say his prayers, when nothing, I'll be bound, was farther from his thoughts; who took Mrs. Chadwick's brooch, value ten pounds. Now Norah! Don't go off! I am as sure as that my name's Thomas Openshaw, that you knew nothing of this robbery. But I do think you've been imposed on, and that's the truth. Some good-for nothing chap has been making up to you, and you've been just like all other women, and have turned a soft place in your heart to him; and he came last night a-lovyering, and you had him up in the nursery, and he made use of his opportunities, and made off with a few things on his way down! Come, now, Norah: it's no blame to you, only you must not be such a fool again! Tell us," he continued, "what name he gave you, Norah? I'll be bound it was not the right one; but it will be a clue for the police."

Norah drew herself up.

"You may ask that question, and taunt me with my being single, and with my credulity, as you will, Master Openshaw. You'll get no answer from me. As for the brooch, and the story of theft and burglary; if any friend ever came to see me (which I defy you to prove, and deny,), he'd be just as much above doing such a thing as you yourself, Mr. Openshaw, and more so, too; for I'm not at all sure as everything you have is rightly come by, or would be yours long, if every man had his own." She meant, of course, his wife; but he understood her to refer to his property in goods and chattels.

"Now, my good woman," said he, "I'll just tell you truly, I never trusted you out and out; but my wife liked you, and I thought you had many a good point about you. If you once begin to sauce me, I'll have the police to you, and get out the truth in a court of justice, if you'll not tell it me quietly and civilly here. Now the best thing you can do is quietly to tell me who the fellow is. Look here! A man comes to my house; asks for you; you take him up stairs, a valuable brooch is missing next day; we know that you, and Mary, and cook, are honest; but you refuse to tell us who the man is. Indeed you've told one lie already about him, saying no one was here last night. Now I just put it to you, what do you think a policeman would say to this, or a magistrate? A magistrate would soon make you tell the truth, my good woman."

"There's never the creature born that should get it out of me," said Norah. "Not unless I choose to tell."

"I've a great mind to see," said Mr. Openshaw, growing angry at the defiance. Then, checking himself, he thought before he spoke again:

"Norah, for your missus's sake I don't want to go to extremities. Be a sensible woman, if you can. It's no great disgrace after all, to have been taken in. I ask you once more—as a friend—who was this man whom you let into my house last night?"

No answer.

He repeated the question in an impatient tone.

Still no answer. Norah's lips were set in determination not to speak.

"Then there is but one thing to be done. I shall send for a policeman."

"You will not," said Norah, starting forwards. "You shall not, sir! No policeman shall touch me. I know nothing of the brooch, but I know this: ever since I was four-and-twenty I have thought more of your wife than of myself: ever since I saw her, a poor motherless girl put upon in her uncle's house, I have thought more of serving her than of serving myself! I have cared for her and her child, as nobody ever cared for me. I don't cast blame on you, sir, but I say it's ill giving up one's life to any one; for, at the end, they will turn round upon you, and forsake you. Why does not my missus come herself to suspect me? Maybe she is gone for the police? But I don't stay here, either for police, or magistrate, or master. You're an unlucky lot. I believe there's a curse on you. I'll leave you this very day. Yes! I'll leave that poor Ailsie, too. I will! No good will ever come to you!"

Mr. Openshaw was utterly astonished at this speech; most of which was completely unintelligible to him, as may easily be supposed. Before he could make up his mind what to say, or what to do, Norah had left the room. I do not think he had ever really intended to send for the police to this old servant of his wife's; for he had never for a moment doubted her perfect honesty. But he had intended to compel her to tell him who the man was, and in this he was baffled. He was, consequently, much irritated. He returned to his uncle and aunt in a state of great annoyance and perplexity, and told them he could get nothing out of the woman; that some man had been in the house the night before; but that she refused to tell who he was. At this moment his wife came in, greatly agitated, and asked what had happened to Norah; for that she had put on her things in passionate haste, and had left the house.

"This looks suspicious," said Mr. Chadwick. "It is not the way in which an honest person would have acted."

Mr. Openshaw kept silence. He was sorely perplexed. But Mrs. Openshaw turned round on Mr. Chadwick with a sudden fierceness no one ever saw in her before.

"You don't know Norah, uncle! She is gone because she is deeply hurt at being suspected. Oh, I wish I had seen her—that I had spoken to her myself. She would have told me anything." Alice wrung her hands.

"I must confess," continued Mr. Chadwick to his nephew, in a lower voice, "I can't make you out. You used to be a word and a blow, and oftenest the blow first; and now, when there is every cause for suspicion, you just do naught. Your missus is a very good woman, I grant; but she may have been put upon as well as other folk, I suppose. If you don't send for the police, I shall."

"Very well," replied Mr. Openshaw, surlily. "I can't clear Norah. She won't clear herself, as I believe she might if she would. Only I wash my hands of it; for I am sure the woman herself is honest, and she's lived a long time with my wife, and I don't like her to come to shame."

"But she will then be forced to clear herself. That, at any rate, will be a good thing."

"Very well, very well! I am heart-sick of the whole business. Come, Alice, come up to the babies; they'll be in a sore way. I tell you, uncle!" he said, turning round once more to Mr. Chadwick, suddenly and sharply, after his eye had fallen on Alice's wan, tearful, anxious face; "I'll have none sending for the police after all. I'll buy my aunt twice as handsome a brooch this very day; but I'll not have Norah suspected, and my missus plagued. There's for you."

He and his wife left the room. Mr. Chadwick quietly waited till he was out of hearing, and then said to his wife: "For all Tom's heroics, I'm just quietly going for a detective wench. Thou need'st know naught about it."

He went to the police-station and made a statement of the case. He was gratified by the impression which the evidence against Norah seemed to make. The men all agreed in his opinion, and steps were to be immediately taken to find out where she was. Most probably, as they suggested, she had gone at once to the man, who, to all appearance, was her lover. When Mr. Chadwick asked how they would find her out? they smiled, shook their heads, and spoke of mysterious but infallible ways and means. He returned to his nephew's house with a very comfortable opinion of his own sagacity. He was met by his wife with a penitent face:

"Oh, master, I've found my brooch? It was just sticking by its pin in the flounce of my brown silk, that I wore yesterday. I took it off in a hurry, and it must have caught in it; and I hung up my gown in the closet. Just now, when I was going to fold it up, there was the brooch! I'm very vexed, but I never dreamt but what it was lost!"

Her husband, muttering something very like "Confound thee and thy brooch too! I wish I had never given it thee," snatched up his hat, and rushed back to the station; hoping to be in time to stop the police from searching for Norah. But a detective was already gone off on the errand.

Where was Norah? Half-mad with the strain of the fearful secret, she had hardly slept through the night for thinking what must be done. Upon this terrible state of mind had come Ailsie's questions, showing that she had seen the Man, as the unconscious child called her father. Lastly came the suspicion of her honesty. She was little less than crazy as she ran up stairs and dashed on her bonnet and shawl; leaving all else, even her purse, behind her. In that house she would not stay. That was all she knew or was clear about. She would not even see the children again, for fear it should weaken her. She feared above everything Mr. Frank's return to claim his wife. She could not tell what remedy there was for a sorrow so tremendous, for her to stay to witness. The desire of escaping from the coming event was a stronger motive for her departure than her soreness about the suspicions directed against her; although this last had been the final goad to the course she took. She walked away almost at headlong speed; sobbing as she went, as she had not dared to do during the past night for fear of exciting wonder in those who might hear her. Then she stopped. An idea came into her mind that she would leave London altogether, and betake herself to her native town of Liverpool. She felt in her pocket for her purse, as she drew near the Euston Square station with this intention. She had left it at home. Her poor head aching, her eyes swollen with crying, she had to stand still, and think, as well as she could, where next she should bend her steps. Suddenly the thought flashed into her mind that she would go and find out poor Mr. Frank. She had been hardly kind to him the night before, though her heart had bled for him ever since. She remembered his telling her, as she inquired for his address, almost as she had pushed him out of door, of some hotel in a street not far distant from Euston Square. Thither she went: with what intention she hardly knew, but to assuage her conscience by telling him how much she pitied him. In her present state she felt herself unfit to counsel or restrain, or assist, or do ought else but sympathise and weep. The people of the inn said such a person had been there; had arrived only the day before; had gone out soon after his arrival, leaving his luggage in their care; but had never come back. Norah asked for leave to sit down, and await the gentleman's return. The landlady—pretty secure in the deposit of luggage against any probable injury—showed her into a room, and quietly locked the door on the outside. Norah was utterly worn out, and fell asleep—a shivering, starting, uneasy slumber, which lasted for hours.

The detective, meanwhile, had come up with her some time before she entered the hotel, into which he followed her. Asking the landlady to detain her for an hour or so, without giving any reason beyond showing his authority (which made the landlady applaud herself a good deal for having locked her in), he went back to the police station to report his proceedings. He could have taken her directly; but his object was, if possible, to trace out the man who was supposed to have committed the robbery. Then he heard of the discovery of the brooch; and consequently did not care to return.

Norah slept till even the summer evening began to close in. Then up. Some one was at the door. It would be Mr. Frank; and she dimly pushed back her ruffled gray hair, which had fallen over her eyes, and stood looking to see him. Instead, there came in Mr. Openshaw and a policeman.

"This is Norah Kennedy," said Mr. Openshaw.

"Oh, sir," said Norah, "I did not touch the brooch; indeed I did not. Oh, sir, I cannot live to be thought so badly of;" and very sick and faint, she suddenly sank down on the ground. To her surprise, Mr. Openshaw raised her up very tenderly. Even the policeman helped to lay her on the sofa; and, at Mr. Openshaw's desire, he went for some wine and sandwiches; for the poor gaunt woman lay there almost as if dead with weariness and exhaustion.

"Norah!" said Mr. Openshaw, in his kindest voice, "the brooch is found. It was hanging to Mrs. Chadwick's gown. I beg your pardon. Most truly I beg your pardon, for having troubled you about it. My wife is almost broken-hearted. Eat, Norah,—or, stay, first drink this glass of wine," said he, lifting her head, pouring a little down her throat.

As she drank, she remembered where she was, and who she was waiting for. She suddenly pushed Mr. Openshaw away, saying, "Oh, sir, you must go. You must not stop a minute. If he comes back he will kill you."

"Alas, Norah! I do not know who 'he' is. But some one is gone away who will never come back; some one who knew you, and whom I am afraid you cared for."

"I don't understand you, sir," said Norah, her master's kind and sorrowful manner bewildering her yet more than his words. The policeman had left the room at Mr. Openshaw's desire, and they too were alone.

"You know what I mean, when I say some one is gone who will never come back. I mean that he is dead!"

"Who?" said Norah, trembling all over.

"A poor man has been found in the Thames this morning, drowned."

"Did he drown himself?" asked Norah, solemnly.

"God only knows," replied Mr. Openshaw, in the same tone. "Your name and address at our house, were found in his pocket; that, and his purse, were the only things, that were found upon him. I am sorry to say it, my poor Norah; but you are required to go and identify him."

"To what?" asked Norah.

"To say who it is. It is always done, in order that some reason may be discovered for the suicide—if suicide it was. I make no doubt he was the man who came to see you at our house last night. It is very sad, I know." He made pauses between each little clause, in order to try and bring back her senses; which he feared were wandering—so wild and sad was her look.

"Master Openshaw," said she, at last, "I've a dreadful secret to tell you—only you must never breathe it to any one, and you and I must hide it away forever. I thought to have done it all by myself, but I see I cannot. You poor man—yes! the dead, drowned creature is, I fear, Mr. Frank, my mistress's first husband!"

Mr. Openshaw sat down, as if shot. He did not speak; but, after a while, he signed to Norah to go on.

"He came to me the other night—when—God be thanked—you were all away at Richmond. He asked me if his wife was dead or alive. I was a brute, and thought more of your all coming home than of his sore trial; I spoke out sharp, and said she was married again, and very content and happy; I all but turned him away: and now he lies dead and cold!"

"God forgive me!" said Mr. Openshaw.

"God forgive us all!" said Norah. "You poor man needs forgiveness perhaps less than any one among us. He had been among the savages—shipwrecked—I know not what—and he had written letters which had never reached my poor missus."

"He saw his child!"

"He saw her—yes! I took him up, to give his thoughts another start; for I believed he was going mad on my hands. I came to seek him here, as I more than half-promised. My mind misgave me when I heard he had never come in. Oh, sir! it must be him!"

Mr. Openshaw rang the bell. Norah was almost too much stunned to wonder at what he did. He asked for writing materials, wrote a letter, and then said to Norah:

"I am writing to Alice, to say I shall be unavoidably absent for a few days; that I have found you; that you are well, and send her your love, and will come home to-morrow. You must go with me to the Police Court; you must identify the body: I will pay high to keep names and details out of the papers.

"But where are you going, sir?"

He did not answer her directly. Then he said:

"Norah! I must go with you, and look on the face of the man whom I have so injured,—unwittingly, it is true; but it seems to me as if I had killed him. I will lay his head in the grave, as if he were my only brother: and how he must have hated me! I cannot go home to my wife till all that I can do for him is done. Then I go with a dreadful secret on my mind. I shall never speak of it again, after these days are over. I know you will not, either." He shook hands with her: and they never named the subject again, the one to the other.

Norah went home to Alice the next day. Not a word was said on the cause of her abrupt departure a day or two before. Alice had been charged by her husband in his letter not to allude to the supposed theft of the brooch; so she, implicitly obedient to those whom she loved both by nature and habit, was entirely silent on the subject, only treated Norah with the most tender respect, as if to make up for unjust suspicion.

Nor did Alice inquire into the reason why Mr. Openshaw had been absent during his uncle and aunt's visit, after he had once said that it was unavoidable. He came back, grave and quiet; and, from that time forth, was curiously changed. More thoughtful, and perhaps less active; quite as decided in conduct, but with new and different rules for the guidance of that conduct. Towards Ailsie he could hardly be more kind than he had always been; but he now seemed to look upon her as some one sacred and to be treated with reverence, as well as tenderness. He throve in business, and made a large fortune, one-half of which was settled upon her.

Long years after these events—a few months after her mother died, Ailsie and her "father" (as she always called Mr. Openshaw,) drove to a cemetery a little way out of town, and she was carried to a certain mound by her maid, who was then sent back to the carriage. There was a head-stone, with F. W. and a date. That was all. Sitting by the grave, Mr. Openshaw told her the story: and for the sad fate of that poor father whom she had never seen, he shed the only tears she ever saw fall from his eyes.

THE EVENINGS.

I.

In the summer evenings,
When the wind blew low,
And the skies were radiant
With the sunset glow,
Thou and I were happy
Long, long years ago.
Love, the young and hopeful,
Hovered o'er us twain,
Filled us with sad pleasure
And delicious pain,
In the summer evenings
Wandering in the lane.

II.

In the Winter evenings,
When the wild winds roar,
Blustering at the chimney,
Piping at the door,
Thou and I are happy
As in days of yore.
Love still hovers o'er us,
Robed in white attire,
Drawing heavenly music
From an earthly lyre,
In the winter evenings
Sitting by the fire.

A NEW ANECDOTE OF WELLINGTON.—Sir William Allan, the artist, having finished the picture of "The Battle of Waterloo," called for the money, per appointment, at Apsley House, the Duke's residence. He was ushered into the study, where the Duke proceeded at once to the business in hand, the simple process of payment—a process, however, much more compound than the painter had anticipated. Taking up a roll of notes, the Duke unrolled and began to put them down in his deliberate and emphatic manner, calling out the amount as he did so, "one hundred pounds," "two hundred pounds." This was slow work; and Allan was overpowered with the idea that the mightiest man on earth, whose minutes had outweighed cart loads of Koh-i-noors in value, should be thus occupied. He blurted out, in his Scotch confused manner, that he was really very sorry his Grace should take all this trouble—a check would do. The Duke went on "five hundred pounds," "six hundred pounds." Allan, thinking he hadn't been heard, raised his voice louder and louder at each hundred, exclaiming a check would do, a check would do;—"Eleven hundred pounds"—"A check will do!"—"Twelve hundred pounds"—"A check, your Grace, really a check will do?" Grace—"No, a check won't do; do you suppose I am going to let my bankers know I have been such a fool as to pay £1,200 for a picture? Why, they'd think me mad? Sir William Allan, I wish you good morning." Exit Allan, unconscious whether it was head or heels foremost, and conscious only that he had the money!

IRON.—A once famous British Minister, Mr. Horner, said that iron was the machinery of civilized society, and Locke declared that if the use of iron were lost among mankind, they would unavoidably return to the savage state. At the same time he styles the person who first made use of iron, "father of arts and author of plenty;" for of iron all tools are made, and with the tools thus made man tills the earth, builds houses, makes clothes, constructs steam engines, builds railroads, constructs steamboats—in fine, does all the business of civilized life.

☞ True love can no more be diminished by showers of evil-hap, than flowers are marred by timely rains.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE REVENGE ENDED.

True to his promise Richard Mallet never interfered, by word or deed, with the arrangements his child's guardians had made for her education.

A few years went by, and the laboring stone-mason had risen to be first workman in his master's employ. With bettered means and good wages, Richard Mallet was able to quit the neighborhood of Peck's Court, and rent a small house in the suburbs. Mrs. Mallet still washed and ironed, and cooked her husband's dinner, but her labors were aided by a little servant; and the boys were sent to a good school.

People said Richard Mallet was not the man he used to be. He had grown churlish with his friends, haughty with his fellows, lost his spirits and his pleasant smile, and only seemed intent upon making his way up in the world. But wife and children could find no fault in him. In her heart of hearts, Hannah perhaps knew that her husband was not the same: but she would have died sooner than breathed an accusation against him.

And where was Jessie all this time?

In these few years, Jessie Mallet, the whilom crippled child, has grown into a straight, well-formed girl, whose presence would disgrace no drawing-room. Of a slight figure and delicate features, she still recalls the pale-faced little child who used to hobble about her father's house upon a crutch; but there is a bloom upon her cheek, and health and energy in her movements now-a-days. Under skillful treatment, and the healthy influences that have surrounded her of late, her infirmity has gradually disappeared.

It is an important day at the Canterbury school, when next we see her. It is Jessie's seventeenth birth-day, and her school-days are at an end. She has been writing a letter to her parents—those letters are the only links between the old life and the new one. Richard has them all, from the first childish scrawl, to the last well-penned epistle, safely locked up in an old desk—and Jessie sits thinking of her father and mother with tears in her eyes. Why are they not there to-day? Around the room are spread all the little gifts her companions have given her—mere trifles for the most part, but pleasant tokens of the good-will she has awakened there, and the good name she leaves behind. "Everybody here remembers me, and is kind," thinks Jessie. "It is only my own family who forget me!"

Well, Jessie has plenty of new friends now, and, for aught we know, may have learned to do without her parent's love, since last we met her. There are many affections we count strong, that a six years' absence would try; and letter-writing, as we most of us know, is but a poor bond, after all.

So perhaps Jessie's love is of a less ardent nature than it used to be.

She has not much time, however, for reflection on this or any other score. There is a sound of wheels on the gravel path, and a carriage rolls up to the door. It is Mr. Hale, one of Jessie's guardians, who is come to take her away from school, and escort her to his own house at Hale Fields, where an archery meeting is to celebrate the day.

Jessie bids farewell to her companions of six years, and, driving away in Mr. Hale's carriage, looks up at the school-room windows with dimmed eyes, and sees the old cathedral, all blurred by her tears, for the last time. But her eyes brighten ere long. There is a cheering influence in sunshine, green fields, and fresh air, hard to resist, and it was next to impossible to be dull, seated by Mr. Hale's side. The wealthy hop grower's genial face always did Jessie good. Such a smile as his would have been a small annuity to a young physician, as a cheap and efficacious remedy for low spirited patients.

"Here we are," cried he, as the carriage turned into his gates at Hale Fields; "here we are, already, you see."

Jessie beheld the tents and targets on the lawn, the servants hurrying to and fro, and the gardeners giving the last touches to their decorations.

"Don't fancy, Miss Jessie, this is all got up on your especial account. Other people can have birthdays besides you. Dick is nineteen to-day, and he means to share in the honors too. Here he comes. He'll take you in to speak to Mrs. Hale and the girls."

Mr. Richard Hale raised his wide-awake, and shook hands with Jessie. He had taught her to ride one holiday, and play chess another, so they were old friends.

Mrs. Hale was a stately woman, who kissed Jessie on her cheek, and bade her welcome with an air of polite patronage. Pride of birth was Mrs. Hale's failing. She had the misfortune to be the granddaughter of a baronet, and had a weakness for good blood; hence she never took so kindly to Jessie as the rest of her family. Her husband, with a delicacy of feeling peculiar to him, had never divulged to any one the real facts of Jessie's parentage; but Mrs. Hale had formed a shrewd guess on the subject.

To-day, there was even a more than usual amount of dignity in the good lady's demeanor; her head was carried more erect, and her dress rustled more imposingly, as she swept by. A young lord was to be her guest to-day, and, to meet him, some of the first families in the neighborhood, and the *elite* of Canterbury, had been invited to Hale Fields; consequently, Mrs. Hale's reception of Jessie was quite a solemn and impressive sight.

The daughters were rather more humble-minded, and being old school-fellows of Jessie, welcomed her right gladly. They were soon out in the garden together—all three glad to escape from the drawing-room, and have a few minutes' chat before the bustle of the day commenced.

Jessie almost trembled when she heard of the grand doings that were to take place, and the grand people who were expected. But before her friends had half finished their confidences, the confab was broken up by Mr. Dick Hale rushing down to the arbor where they sat, and summoning his sisters to their mother's presence.

"Make haste, girls. There's mother becoming rigid with horror. His lordship has arrived and nobody to receive him. Do, pray, go to her aid, or she'll be speechless in five minutes."

The two girls flew away to the house, and left Jessie to their brother. He stood and watched them with a laughing face.

"Well, Miss Mallet, this is doing us honor, isn't it? You and I are lucky folks to have such a birthday-keeping as this."

"*I* am lucky in having such friends, and such a home to-day. I little thought, though, when Mr. Hale brought me over, that I should find such a gay assembly, or, perhaps——" Jessie hesitated.

"Or, perhaps, you wouldn't have come. Well, that's very polite. I think I had better tell my father that you'd like to have the horses out again, and go back to Canterbury. He's sure to oblige you." Mr. Dick turned very red.

"No: don't talk nonsense. I didn't mean, Richard, to—to—" Jessie stammered, and stopped again.

"To insult your guardian, eh?" said Dick, recovering his good humor, when he saw Jessie looked distressed. "You had better not let my mother hear you insinuate that you don't care to meet her friends, Jessie. Oh, if you only knew what she's gone through to get them together, and the management it has taken to avoid giving offence. Just imagine her position this morning, when the Romleys sent word they'd be able to come after all, and we, (unhappy wretches) on receiving their first note to decline, had invited their mortal enemies, the Cheesemans. The families are at daggers drawn, because young Romley, I suppose, wants to marry one of the Miss Cheesemans, and old Romley spurns the alliance, and swears he'll never consent. A pretty thing for an anxious hostess!—I wish the Cheesemans were all at Jericho, I'm sure. I never wanted them to be invited here at all." Richard Hale looked really half annoyed.

"Why not?" asked Jessie.

"Oh, because no one knows who they are, or what they are. It's said he was a tallow-chandler, and had a large fortune left him. They have just that cut. He has taken a large house near us. I don't know them, you know. By the way, you don't, I hope."

Jessie had grown suddenly crimson, and Dick feared he had said something indiscreet.

"No, I don't know them."

"Oh, that's right. That sort of origin always makes me suspicious."

Quietly as Jessie had disclaimed acquaintance with the Cheesemans, there was such a sudden tumult in her heart, and such a singing in her ears, that for the next five minutes she heard not a word her companion said.

"There goes my father," suddenly cried Richard. "He is looking for you, I know. Let's follow him; you have to be introduced to such a lot of people. I must be off, too, or we shall have the Romleys falling foul of the Cheesemans, and there'll be blood spilt. Come along.

They hastened away to the lawn.

Everything wore a gala air there. The visitors were arriving fast; a splendid collation was laid out in one of the tents, and a band of music was playing under the mulberry-trees. The forthcoming archery fete at Hale Fields had been the talk of the neighborhood for days past.

Jessie was an object of considerable interest to the guests. She was said to be a sort of ward to Mr. Hale's, and very rich; also there was some mystery about her fortune. Had they known that it was a half-sovereign lent, years ago, by Mr. Hale's father to Zebedee Peck, the hop-picker boy, that had laid the foundation of this same fortune, they would perhaps have manifested less enthusiasm; but, being ignorant of this prosaic fact, several persons were very eager for an introduction.

And now the festivities commenced. Jessie was no archer, but she stood by and watched the sports, well pleased when her old friend Mary Hale carried off the first prize of the day.

Then followed the luncheon in the tent, and Mr. Hale's funny speech when he presented the oak-leaf crown to his daughter.

After that came a dance on the lawn, when Jessie was his lordship's partner, and when the band from Canterbury, under the influence of Mr. Hale's homebrewed, played such exhilirating quadrilles, that it was enough to set the very cows in the neighboring fields doing *L'ete* and *La Poule*.

Blithe, however, as the music sounded to the merry-makers, there was one ear, not far off, to whom it brought no mirth.

In the lane leading to Hale Fields, a solitary man was standing, with a stern, downcast face. It was Richard Mallet, who for the last hour had paced backwards and forwards in the lane. Six years had passed since he had seen his daughter. During all this time, he had kept to his resolution of never interfering with her education, and had never presented himself before her eyes. He had a purpose ever in view from which he had never swerved.

He had come down to Canterbury by coach over-night, and finding, as he expected, that his daughter had that day quitted school, and gone over to Hale Fields with her guardian, he had followed them in order to carry out the purpose he had so long meditated.

It was only within the last hour that his heart had failed him.

Though Richard Mallet looked older and sterner, he was much the same man at heart. Time, however, had wrought some changes in him. Though still in the prime of life, his hair was tinged with gray, and his face had a harder look than of old. He wore a better coat now, and had a black neckerchief fastened loosely round his throat.

The horns and bugles of the Canterbury band swelled over the gardens, and the wind carried the hum and laughter of the guests to his ears.

For the twentieth time, he stopped before the gates, and for the twentieth time, he turned away again.

At last, with an angry exclamation at his own irresolution, he opened the gates, and entered the grounds.

"Mr. Hale won't be able to see you to-day, my man—he's engaged, and can't attend to business," called out the lodge-keeper as he went through the gates.

"My business ain't with Mr. Hale," said Richard, looking at the man, whose red face showed he had taken good care of himself in the general festivity.

"Oh, it's the back-door you want, is it? Take that first path, then, to the right."

The man spoke with an insolent air.

But Richard kept in the broad walk, and went on as before. Suddenly, he came to a stop. He had heard his own name pronounced by some one behind his high laurel-hedge at his side.

"Mallet? Ah, that's her name, is it? Well, she is certainly good-looking. But they say, poor thing, her family is not recognizable. Is it true?"

"Quite true. Mrs. Hale has hinted as much to me herself. They do say her father is a common mason, and carries a hod on his shoulder to this day. But however that may be, they are vulgar people—that's certain."

Richard's lips became white as death.

"What a mercy the child was removed from her friends in time!" continued the first speaker. "Really, no one would now suppose her to be of low origin. With her money, you know, she may expect to make a good match one day, and so get free of her former ties. What a good thing she fell into the hands of the Hales—quite providential. Ah, here comes our host!"

The ladies moved away; and Richard, with his teeth set, and his foot crushing the gravel under his heel, strode on to the house.

One or two persons turned to look at him as he approached, but the majority of the guests were on the side-lawn, where the dancers were assembled and the marquee erected; so he escaped observation.

"Is my daughter in?" he inquired of the servant at the hall-door.

He had walked straight up to the principal entrance. The man stared in surprise, and then, with a satirical glance at a waiter near, replied:

"No, she ain't, nor won't be to-day, nor yet to-morrow. Your business ain't particklar pressin', I 'ope;" and he winked at his companion.

"You'll please to keep a civil tongue in your head, and answer my question. Is Miss Mallet in?"

"Miss Mallet? Yes, she's about somewhere; but you can't see her; that is, you—you—"

The man stammered, changed his tone, and stopped. Something had warned him in time.

"You'll have the goodness to show me into a room where I can speak to her, and then send and seek her."

Without another word, the man led the way across the hall, and ushered Richard into the library.

It was a handsome room—green and cool, with a large bow-window opening out into the garden, and an awning outside. Richard could see the gay company, and the band and tent, on the lawn. He caught sight of his own figure in a mirror opposite, but the contrast there did not trouble him. A strange self-control had come over him; there was an iron resolution written on his face.

He was standing gazing at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in bronze, on the mantel-piece, and was striving to find out its meaning, when he heard footsteps approaching. He turned, and a young lady and a gentleman entered the room through the window.

It was Jessie and Mr. Dick Hale.

For one moment they both stared at the unexpected visitor in surprise; the next, Jessie gave a low cry and sprung forward:

"Father!"

Richard Mallet's arms were folded on his breast, his face was cold and unmoved; but at that one word his arms opened, and he strained her to his heart.

Mr. Dick Hale disappeared.

"Then ain't forgotten my face, then!" said Richard, looking down at his daughter. "That's well. I didn't know but how you might."

Though he spoke coldly, his lip trembled so he could scarcely articulate.

"Then art changed since we met, girl. Instead of my poor lame lass, I find thee a lady grown." He scanned her over at arm's-length.

"I want to know, now, whether you are still my own child or not; I want to know whether they have changed your heart as well as your dress.—Stay; don't speak yet; you may repent it. I have a question to ask you; I want to know whether you will leave these people, and come home to your mother and me—that's the proof I want as to whether you are still my own child."

Jessie's eyes fell. There was something so cold and stern in her father's voice, it made her heart shrink.

"Think before you speak; there's much depends upon it. Are you ready to leave these friends, and cast your lot with me? Are you prepared to live with those who are not clever and polished, but rough unedicated people. There is a deal to lose, but I think there is something to gain. We can give you love, Jessie, such as you may never find else—" He suddenly stopped. "Answer me, my lass, which is it to be—*go or stay*?"

"I'll go, father."

He loved her still; his last words had decided her in a moment.

"You'll go! And will you go contentedly? Will you go, feeling you ain't ashamed o' them you'll have to live with?"

"Father! why do you put these cruel questions to me? I have prayed to God to bring us together every night of my life. Ashamed! oh, you forget I am your *child*."

Jessie hid her face in her hands, and wept.

"You say you ain't ashamed of me," said Richard, with a strange expression gathering over his face. "Then I'll put your words to the test. Look at this hand; it's rough and hard with labor; my boots are thick and ugly; the linen on my back is coarse; my coat is badly cut; I don't look like a gentleman—anybody may see that. Now, if you ain't ashamed of me, common-looking as I be, take me out through that window on to the lawn amongst those people, and tell them I'm your father. Dare you do it? Dare you own me before 'em all? Speak out."

Jessie turned deadly pale, and a spasm passed over her face. What was it her father asked? It was too much—too much. A hundred things forbade it: Mrs. Hale's pride, the opinion of her friends, and—worse than all!—Dick's words that very day. She stood dumb and terrified.

Her father saw her irresolution, and his breath came quick. "You've had time to think. Dare you do it?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the struggle was at an end. She had counted the cost, and had triumphed. She passed her hand over her brow, and said: "Yes, father, I dare. Come!"

She had reached the window, when her step faltered. Before her was the gay and brilliant assembly. She stood spell-bound at the sight, and a shiver passed over her.

"You can't then—you can't do it," whispered Richard, hoarsely. Without another word, he stepped back, and turned, and left her alone.

But ere he had gone five paces from her, Jessie was at his side: "Father, forgive me; I have no fear."

She put out her hand, looked up into his face radiant in her love, and led him straight to the window. The next moment they stood in the garden before all the people.

Every eye was fixed on the young girl as she crossed the lawn with her companion, and walked up to the tent where Mr. and Mrs. Hale and a party of their friends (Canterbury grandees, and quiet old folks, who did not dance) were sitting.

"Who *has* Miss Mallet got with her?" "What a singular proceeding!" "Is she escorting one of the gardeners to the tent?" asked the young people on the lawn.

Regardless of all comments, Jessie never stopped till she had reached the tent where her hostess sat.

Then and there, in a few simple words, she made known her father to Mrs. Hale.

A buzz of astonishment rose up around.—Mrs. Hale looked bewildered and confused; but ere Jessie had done speaking, Mr. Hale was at her side.

"This is your father, Jessie, is it? Then I am glad to make his acquaintance." Mr. Hale held out his hand to Richard. "I have only seen you once before, Mr. Mallet (it was when your uncle died); but I have not forgotten your behaviour then."

Mr. Hale's prompt manner had spared anything like a scene, and relieved every one at once.

"Sir, I thank you; that's kindly said. But let me explain how I came to intrude myself here." Richard stood erect, and unembarrassed, with his hat off. "I ain't a man to intrude myself anywhere, but I had a reason for coming here, which may be a wrong un, but which I couldn't help follerin' out. For now goin' on seven years, sir, I have been pining for the sight of my child, and all this time I have never meddled nor interfered with the edication I knew she ought to have. I come down here to-day, sir, to claim her, and see if she still loved me as she used to do; but I come, I'm afeared, in a sperit as might have led to no good. I had grown mistrustful, and thought she'd be changed, and ashamed of me. So, when she comes into your parlor, where I was waitin' for her just now, I steeled my heart again her, bonny as she looked, and felt jealous of her fine dress and lady ways.—She said she was ready to go wi' me, but she seemed to be frightened like, I thought, and I doubted her still. So I said to her (it was a sudden thought that come, I don't know how,): 'If you'll cross that lawn hand in hand with me, and own me afore all those people, I'll believe you love me as you ought.' Whereupon, sir, before I'd time to consider o' what I asked (I wasn't myself just then), she stepped out of the window, and brought me straight into your presence, without a murmur or a blush. And God love her for it! And so He will. It was a right noble act, though I hadn't ought to have asked it."

Jessie hid her face on her father's arm, and he stopped.

Every one was silent. The simple earnestness of the man, and his erect yet modest bearing, had touched all present.

"Mr. Mallet," said an old gentleman, coming forward, "I admire and sympathise with your conduct. May God bless your daughter!"

The old clergyman, a high dignitary of the church, laid his hand on Jessie's arm and led her to a seat.

"Let me shake hands with you, Mr. Mallet. I honor both your head and your heart."

It was his lordship who spoke. Yes; Mrs. Hale might stare, and refuse to credit the evidence of her senses: but there was her noble guest actually shaking hands with a man without gloves! When a right reverend dean and a peer's son had thus openly acknowledged the stone-mason, no one was afraid of losing caste by addressing him.

Jessie and her father would probably have become lions, had they not stolen off, through Dick Hale's agency, to a quiet parlor, where they were left alone to themselves.

Of course, the archery fete at Hale Fields was long remembered in the neighborhood, and gained considerable *eclat* from what certain ladies pleased to term "the romantic incident" that terminated the day.

One summer evening, some few years later, a family group was assembled about the shade of a sycamore, in front of a pretty farm-house in Devonshire.

The garden overlooked the sea, and, from the seat under the young sycamore, the white, bird-like sails of the fishing-boats coming up with the tide, and the great hull of a Plymouth steamer in the distance, with its smoke-plume trailing along the horizon, were visible.

It was Richard Mallet and his family who were assembled in the garden at Cliff Farm.

The father, with a roll of paper on his knee, and pencil and compasses in hand, was planning some improvements for the farm-yard.—His wife, busy with her knitting, sat at a little distance. One of the boys lay on the grass at his mothers' feet, reading to her; the other was watching the Plymouth steamer through a telescope. Jessie, alone with her father, on the bench under the tree, sat with her hands clasped idly before her, and her face fixed on the sea. She looked very pretty in that thoughtful attitude.

"Father," she said, suddenly, "I was just thinking how strangely good has come out of evil in our two lives. Uncle Zeb's wicked intentions seemed to have carried with them their own frustration. He has knit us closer together than ever. I think I should never have known how much I loved you, had I not been separated from my home all those years; and I certainly never could have known how much you loved me."

Jessie took hold of her father's hand, as she spoke, and looked at him with unutterable affection.

"Yes, Jessie, good *has* come out of evil in our lives, as you say. And I think people would often have less power to injure us than they have, were we but true to ourselves. As long as you and me remained so, Uncle Zeb's curse could never have done us any harm. We want more faith in one another, Jessie, and in the goodness of our own hearts, and then we'd see less coldness and disunion than there is in the world. But I mustn't preach; it's only your mother who says I'm as good as the parson, or who thinks me as clever, bless her heart!" He looked toward his wife with a fond smile. "Holloa, what are they up to there! See, there's Phil, shouting like mad!"

There was evidently great excitement among the mother and her boys.

"There he goes, father. There's the gentleman who took us out fishing the other day, and jumped overboard when Ned fell into the water!"

A stranger was standing near the edge of the cliff beyond the garden-wall.

"Oh, do run and ask him to come in," said the mother. "I have seen him there nearly every night this week, and wondered who he could be. To think I didn't know him! You go too, Jessie; you'll know how to thank him. Here's your hat."

Jessie took her father's arm, and they set off for the cliff. As they drew near the stranger, Jessie suddenly grasped tight hold of her father's arm. "Oh, stop, father—stop! Look, he's coming this way!"

Jessie had recognized the figure before her—it was that of Mr. Dick Hale.

He had been prowling about the neighborhood for some days past, in a secret sort of way, quite unlike his usual open behaviour. Wild-ducks had been the ostensible object of his wanderings, as the gun upon his shoulder gave evidence of; but the sea-fowl appeared only to frequent one part of the coast, and that was the immediate neighborhood of the Cliff Farm.

It required no great amount of persuasion upon Mrs. Mallet's part to induce Mr. Dick Hale to enter the house, and to stay and take supper afterwards. And as, upon returning to his inn at midnight, he decided to remain another week in the neighborhood, it is to be presumed he spent a pleasant evening.

A few years further on, and we again take a peep at a family group at the Cliff Farm.

But this time they are assembled by a winter's fire, with the wind rumbling in the chimney, and the waves beating on the beach below.

A gray-haired old man is going to tell a Christmas story to his grand children. Grandfather has seen strange changes since his youth, and can tell strange stories too.

"Let it be something true, grandfather," says a bright-eyed little girl on his knee.

"And let it have a terrible name," says Dick, a fine boy of nine.

"Suppose, then, I tell you your mother's history," says grandfather, looking at the young matron sitting by her husband's side.

"Yes, grandfather, tell them that," replies the children's father.

"But mother's history won't be a story," cries Dick.

"It will be as good," says grandfather; "and as you want a terrible name to it, Dick, suppose we call it *A Dead Man's Revenge!*"

WHY MRS. PHILLIPS IS SUCH A SCOLD.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

"What does make Mrs. Phillips scold so?" said Mrs. Parsons to her husband, as they left the home of the lady in question at nine o'clock in the evening, September 30, 1858.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mrs. Parsons; "guess may be she has some reason for it."

"I don't see what, I'm sure; if I had as big a house as hers, and everything about it so nice as she has, I would try to be a little good natured before folks, any how."

"Well, I don't know, wife: that big house ain't just the thing, after all."

"She never was content in the other."

"That's so; but there was a reason for that, too."

"Yes, to be sure there was; but that was too little and mean for anything. I don't see how she ever stood it."

"But she did stand it eighteen years, and raised a family of nine children in one room, and one bed room, ten feet square, and a loft."

"It was a shame—and he so rich."

"Yes, that's where she learned to scold. Mrs. Phillips was one of the smartest girls in all the country round, and when he married her, had five hundred dollars laid up in cash from school keeping."

"You don't say."

"I do, though."

"And what became of it?"

"That's just what I was going to tell you."

"Had he anything?"

"Not a dollar. I loaned him money to get his license; but she did not know it."

"Why, Mr. Parsons, you don't mean what you say?"

"True as preaching. Her father, old Mr. Cox, gave her that farm, and her five hundred went to buy stock and tools to help along the first year. Phillips had been a little wild, but he turned in and worked like a good fellow, and no one made money faster in all Illinois than he. But somehow he never seemed to have a dime to spare for his family, over and above what just kept them along. He added farm to farm, stock to stock, till he was the richest man in the county, and yet she often had no help. The old cabin was crowded and dirty, and not dishes enough to set a table, or wash-tubs and pots and kettles for home use."

"Why, Mr. Parsons! and they live so fine now!"

"That was'n't all. She never had a door-yard or garden; the pigs would lay down on the door step, and an old sow once actually ran away with one of the children."

"Did it kill it?"

"No, she saw it in time, and beat her off with the broomstick—no thanks to him, though; he always kept his hogs round the door."

"I don't wonder she scolded, then."

"For five years she had all her water to carry from the creek—never a cistern or well; and when he dug the well, he put it down at the barn, so as to have it handy for the stock."

"The old curmudgeon!"

"I have seen her packing wood from the timber, to bake bread for the workmen, on her own shoulders—indeed, he seldom had a stick of anything for her to use except old rails and broken limbs, and never had a stick ahead at that—just cut enough in the morning to last through the day, and often she was out before noon."

"I should scold, too."

"My first wife used to say, that if he was her husband she would never cook him a meal of victuals while his name was Jack Phillips, if he did not do better."

"And would have served him right."

"Yes, but Ellen, as we use to call her, did not begin right. She humored him in everything for four or five years, and I used to think that she really made the little old cabin so comfortable and neat, that the fellow did not know how mean it was."

"Many a wife does that."

"Aye yes, and many a wife don't do it," and he squeezed the hand a little closer to his side.

"I know that, too," was the cheerful reply.

"Well, she had three or four children, and got clean worked down. He was always riding round, hunting up cattle, or going to market, or off making bargains, and she began to fret and grow nervous, and the more she fretted and worked the worse it grew. I must say, I wonder that woman don't learn to know that constant fretting don't amount to anything—and they always lose the sympathy of those about them."

"That's true, Mr. Parsons."

"Well, things went so for fifteen years. She worked almost night and day, as you may say; and her tongue kept time with her feet and hands. I do believe it was all that kept her alive. It gave vent to her over-burdened heart and relieved her suffering nerves, just as crying and groaning gives relief to a person having a surgical operation performed."

"Or just as it gives you relief to groan when you have the toothache."

"Exactly so, that's the philosophy of it. One that had closed her mouth and suffered in silence would have died years ago. But five years ago when everything was up to the highest figure in the way of property, he took a notion to build that great barn of a house, and furnish a part of it as you see. But Mrs. Phillips never has any relief from hard work. He often says, she used to do all her work in the cabin, and now she can't get along without two girls."

"No wonder, with such a house, and she so poor and sickly, and such a house full."

"And the boys lived in the old house till they don't know how to take care of anything, and they know their father is rich, and spend money and smash round and never think of her; never ask her to go out with them; never bring her any little present to cheer her; never relieve any of her cares—and so she frets on,

and will most likely as long as she lives.' For myself, wife, I like Mrs. Phillips. She raised me, as you may say, for I lived with them after he was married. I always tried to please her, and she never gave me a cross word in seven years. I know her like a book, and if they would only be careful of her happiness, she would seldom find fault with them. But its too late now, the habits of the family are fixed, and she, poor woman, will have to bear all the blame, from those who don't know the past. Her love of the beautiful and harmonious, her sense of justice and truth, united to her earnest desire to have things made better, made her a scold."

"Well, I am really glad you told me of her history, for if she is to be my nearest neighbor, I want to like her if I can."

"She is generous, kind, true-hearted and ready to do anything for her neighbors. But she has suffered so much from his hands, (and still feels that he does not deal liberally with her, that in his presence she always gives out the very worst parts of her nature.) Poor Mrs. Phillips, I wish there were no worse women in the world than she, with all her scolding."

Mr. and Mrs. Parsons had reached their pleasant home across the prairie. It was none too large for their wants, and an air of comfort and uniformity pervaded every part, that told of happiness and harmony within.

With one so kind and careful as Mr. Parsons, a wife could hardly find a place to scold. No wonder the habits of Mrs. Phillips shocked her.

Who of us, gentle readers, does not know a Mrs. Phillips in the circle of our acquaintance, where the husband is so anxious to get rich that he forgets to be good.

MR. RANDOLPH ON WOMEN AND SERVANTS.

CHARLOTTE COURT-HOUSE, }
VIRGINIA, Nov., 1858. }

I send you a copy of a peculiar production of one of the most peculiar of men—the Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke. It is a faithful copy of the original, which was read as evidence in the celebrated legal proceedings instituted to set aside the last Will and Testament of Mr. Randolph, on the grounds of his being *non compos*. The incident which elicited the strange medley was as follows:—He had been visiting in this village at the house of a friend, and after his return he missed his pocket-knife. A messenger was at once sent from his plantation at Roanoke, distant about ten miles; and when the knife was not found, a very free expression of sentiment was indulged in, to the effect that Jasper, the "little yellow boy," had pocketed it. Messengers were sent twice respecting the lost article before it was found, and a special dispatch, as below, when it came to light.

It may add something to the interest of this communication for me to say that my residence is now in the same house at which Mr. Randolph was a guest, and that I have many times occupied the bedroom he insisted he had lost the knife in, but in blissful ignorance of the celebrity who had preceded me. Jasper, the "yellow boy," is yet living near here, a faithful old slave, who can tell many things of interest respecting the eccentric guest of his old Master M.:

"ROANOKE, }
"Saturday, Dec. 17, 1831—12½. }

"DEAR M———: On taking out my chariot this morning, for the first time since I got home from your house, to clean it and the harness (for this dreadful spell of weather has froze us all up until to-day.) the *knife* was found in the bottom of the carriage, where it must have dropped from a shallow waistcoat pocket, as I got in at your door, for I missed the knife soon afterward. When I got home, I had the pocket of the chariot searched, and everything there taken out, and it was not until John had searched strictly into my portmanteau and bag, taking out every article therein, that I became fully convinced of what I was before perfectly persuaded—that I had left the knife in my chamber at your house on Tuesday, the 6th; and when I heard it had not been seen, I took it for granted that your little yellow boy, having *found it*, had, according to the negro code of morality, appropriated it to himself. In this, it seems, I was mistaken, and I ask his pardon, as the best amends I can make *him*; and, at the same time, to relieve you and Mrs. M. from the unpleasant feeling such a suspicion would occasion, I dispatch this note by a special messenger, although I have a certain conveyance to-morrow.

"I make no apology to yourself or Mrs. M., for the frank expression of my suspicion, because *Truth* is the goddess at whose shrine I worship; and no Huguenot in France, or Morisco in Spain, or Judaizing Christian in Portugal, ever paid more dearly for his heretical schism, than I have done for leaving the established Church of *Falsehood* and *Grimace*. I am well aware that ladies are as delicate, as they are charming creatures, and that in our intercourse with them we must strain the truth as far as possible. Brought up from our earliest infancy to disguise their real sentiments (for a woman would be a monster who did not practice this disguise,) it is their privilege to be insincere, and we should despise them, and justly too, if they had that manly frankness which constitutes the ornament of our character as the very reverse does of theirs. We must, therefore, keep this in view in our intercourse with them, and recollect that as our point of honor is courage and frankness, theirs is chastity and *dissimulation*; for, as I said before, a woman who does not dissemble her real feelings is a monster of impudence. Now, therefore, *it does so happen*, (as Mr. Canning would say,) that truth is very offensive to the ears of a lady, when to those of a gentleman (her husband for instance) it would not be at all so.

"To illustrate, Mrs. R———, of B———, my brother's widow, was beyond all comparison the nicest and best housewife I ever saw. Not one drop of water was ever suffered to stand upon her sideboard, except what was in the pitcher; the house from cellar to garret, and in every part, as clean as hands could make it, and everything as it should be to suit even my fastidious taste. I lived there after my brother's death, from 1796 to 1810 inclusive, and never did I see or smell anything to offend my senses or my imagination *but once*. Except in Autumn, I would defy you to find a leaf or feather in the yard. No poultry were permitted to come into it, and we had no dirty children, white or negro, to make litter or filth. A strong enclosure of sawn plank, eight feet high, fenced in the kitchen, smoke-house, ice-house, meat-house, wood-house, in which the wood for the use of the house was stacked away under lock and key. The turkey and hen houses were in the same enclosure, which had two doors, one next the dwelling-house, for the use of the mistress and house servants, and one large enough to admit a wagon on the back or north side, beyond which was a well built quarter, with two brick chimneys, and two rooms with fire places, and four rooms without, for servants. There was also (what I had forgot,) a spinning and weaving house.

"At night the door of this inclosure was locked up—not a servant being allowed to sleep within it, although every one of them was within sound of the lady's bell.

"On one unhappy day, in a very hot and damp spell of weather of long continuance, a piece of cold lamb was brought to table that was spoiled—the first and last instance in nearly fifteen years of the slightest neglect in household economy. I ordered the servant to take it away, it being spoiled. Mrs. R——— resented this, and flatly contradicted me, and although the lamb absolutely stunk, she ate a part of it to prove her words true, and was affronted with me almost past forgiveness. I dare say if I had not noticed the lamb, she might have given a hint to the servant to take it away; but the honest, naked truth was not to be borne. We had no company but D——— and her younger son, three school boys, and an Englishman named Knowles, who acted as overseer or Steward, and dined with us until he took to drink. Mrs. R——— stoutly denied that the lamb could be spoiled, *because* it had been boiled only the day before, and had been in the ice-house ever since. I admitted her facts, but denied her *logic, which was truly a woman's*. I maintained that the highest evidence was that of the senses; that we must reason *from* facts when we *could* get at them, and it was only when we could *not*, that it was fair to argue from *probabilities*; that the lamb *stunk*, and therefore was not sound. This she denied, and to prove her words, actually made a shift to swallow half a mouthful, which under other circumstances she would not have done for a thousand dollars.

"So much for the ladies, charming creatures, the salt of the earth, whom, like Toby and all other old bachelors, I never could thoroughly understand for want of the key of matrimony, which alone can unlock their secrets and make plain (as many a husband can tell,) all the apparent contradictions in their character. Yes, so much for the fairer and better part of creation, (as from my soul I believe them to be,) but who, as the Waverly man says of Kings are *kittle cattle to shoe behind*. And so it ought to be, for it is their poor and almost only privilege to *kick*, while we roam where we will, and they must sit still until they are asked, I, therefore am for upholding them in all their own proper privileges, as long as they don't encroach upon those of men. A woman who unsexes herself, deserves to be treated and will be treated, as a man.

"As to the honesty of servants, I have always thought mine 'indifferent honest,' as Hamlet says, and yet I should have been very sorry that the boy that bears this letter should find my knife, or either of the two little urchins that you see here about the yard.

"'I didn't *take* it, *master*,' (for a negro *never steals*,) 'I didn't take it, sir; I find (found) it.' What virtue in terms! Corporal Nym, a high professor and practitioner in the *art of taking* says:—'The wise call it *convey*. In Shakspeare. I never knew but three mulattoes whom I *believed* to be *honest*; and out of near 300, I have not a dozen slaves that will not '*take*' or '*convey*.'

"John is as honest as you and I are. So is old Hetty, I *know*, and several of the children I *believe*. Queen is very honest; she is too lazy to steal. Juba is so-so, but not strictly honest; he is a *finder* sometimes, and can be trusted with anything but *money*, with which he will buy whiskey.

"My regards to Mrs. M.

"Truly yours, J. R., of Roanoke."

—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

A CORRECTION.—"Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, who is understood to be the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, Mrs. Cunningham's counsel at one stage of her case, corrects a paragraph which we copied from the Rochester Union. He states that Mrs. Cunningham lives in Forty-eighth street.

She is not in "easy circumstances," but is reduced and poor. The "elegant mansion" is a house in a block on the new upper street, for which she is indebted to the kindness of the owner till Spring. Her house is not entirely furnished; the most of it not at all; and what is, is of the commonest style. She has wasted all the porperty she had, and is not able to take a house of comfort. All the ordinary avenues of employment open to most women are closed against her. The prejudice against this woman was never stronger than now, and having spent all she had to defend herself in courts of law, she is now very poor, and would keep a boarding house or do any honorable thing to get a living if she could do so. Her daughter Augusta has not been "married to a Southern planter," but to a young man in this city, who has not one dollar to rely upon but what he earns from day to day; and the rumor about Helen is as apocryphal as the rest of the story.

CALEB CUSHING'S OPINION OF WOMEN AND HORSES.—The most beautiful women in the United States, according to Caleb Cushing, are to be found in that region of country represented by Philadelphia at one extreme, running thence to Baltimore, and down to Richmond. In an after-dinner speech at Richmond the other day, he made this remark, explaining it more fully, thus:—

"As for instance, for clearness of complexion, for delicacy of skin, for rounded contour and outline throughout all the lines of form, for health, everything. I say, as my own observation, and with some little time and taste for observation upon that subject, that I think that in all these respects that is the region in which the physical beauty of woman attains its greatest perfection. And with so abundant evidence of the fact all around Richmond, I can say, too, that in this region of the United States is produced that other being, which, if without profanation I may say it, is next in all conceivable beauty to woman—that is, a fine horse; [laughter and applause]—next in all the elements of beauty which the eye commands. I will not go farther—I am far enough." [Laughter.]

"LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER."—The editor of the New Orleans Advocate has this incident, about the ravages of the yellow fever in that city, related to him by one of the Methodist pastors:

"The preacher was called a few days since to attend the funeral of a young man. Before his sickness he was a stout, buoyant, manly youth. He was from the State of Maine, and had been there but a short time. He was attacked by yellow fever, and soon died, with no mother or relative to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own 'dear kindred bloods can feel or manifest. He died among strangers, and was buried by them. When the funeral service was over, and the strange friends who had administered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady who stood by, stopped them and said, 'Let me kiss him for his mother.' We have yet to find the first man or woman to whose eye this simple recital has not brought tears."

PLEASANT INCIDENT.—At the funeral of a little babe in New Sharon, a few days since, says the Gospel Banner, a circumstance occurred, remarkably cheering and suggestive: The little one, all beautifully robed for the grave, was laid in its coffin on the morning of its burial. The weeping friends placed in its little hands a small bouquet of flowers, among which was an unopened rosebud of the "Rose of Sharon." The lid was then placed upon the coffin, and the funeral service performed. When, after the lapse of not more than two or three hours, the coffin was opened again, and the friends gathered round to look upon it for the last time, that bud had become a full-blown rose, while grasped in the cold hand of death. It seemed as though a voice came up from those beautifully sealed lips, saying, "Weep not for me; though broken from the parent stem I am blooming in the Paradise of God. Millions of infant souls compose the family above."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 174—Adults 86, and children 88.

NEWS ITEMS.

TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF.—In Cincinnati, a few evenings since, a six-foot Hoosier was observed by a policeman walking on the outer edge of the sidewalk, swinging a brick, and when hailed, replied—"Don't come near me." The officer, however, "surrounded" him, as a Dutchman would say, when the Hoosier said he had the proceeds of a drove of hogs in his pocket, and he feared he would be robbed if he went to his hotel, and lest anybody should garrote him in the street, he carried the brick, and walked along the outside of the sidewalk.

THE father of the Jewish child Mortara is about to settle in France. A letter from Rome, in the Gazette de Liege, states that the Sacred College at Rome has resolved to prevent the recurrence of any case similar to that of Mortara in future, by directing that Christians shall not in future be allowed to enter the service of Jews.

A VALUABLE PEAR.—At the Christmas exercises in the Pacific Street M. E. Church, Brooklyn, New York, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Milburne, was presented with a monster pear, which, for a time, excited some curiosity. It was finally opened, and in the centre was found a check on a specie-paying bank for $615, payable to the order of the pastor.

A LABORER named James Doe, of Hardingham, Norfolk, England, lately lost his life in endeavoring to eat a pound of raw sausages in two minutes. He had nearly accomplished the filthy feat, when the last sausage stuck in his throat and caused his death.

THERE are five hundred applicants for the vacant cadetships at West Point.

LAMARTINE thinks of retiring to Syria, where he will occupy the house in which Lady Stanhope resided.

THE Masonic fraternity are cautioned against a man representing himself to be a member of the craft, who is on his way from New Orleans to Baltimore, appealing to the hospitality and charity of the brotherhood. He is represented as being about twenty-five years of age, light complexion, and wears a goatee; and professes to be a Frenchman by birth. At Atlanta, Georgia, where he is alleged to have imposed upon the fraternity, he called himself F. Pennington.

MR. HENRY BURDEN, the inventor of "Burden's Horseshoe Machine," started for Europe, in the Asia, November 30, taking with him a machine constructed expressly to be worked in France. This machine turns out shoes made upon the exact pattern furnished Mr. Burden by the French Government at the rate of sixty per minute, or 3,000 per hour.

THE Athenæum notices that Mr. J. Maurice Solomon, a member of the Jewish race, has takes honors in four out of the five sub-divisions of the degree of B. A. in the University of London—being the first time such a thing has been done.

COST OF LIVING IN ST. PAUL.—The St. Paul Pioneer gives the following scale of prices in that city, comparing last year with this; Flour, which was $6 last year, is now $4,50. Potatoes then $1, are now dear at 40 cents. Mess Pork, then $27, is now $15. Butter, then 35 cents, is now 20 cents. Rents have been reduced from 25 to 30 per cent. Day labor, which was last year $1,50, is now 90 cents. The Fuller House charged last year $7 a week, and the Winslow $6; and former is now $5, and the latter $4. The cost of living in St. Paul is one-third less than last year.

A TELEGRAPHIC report from New Orleans relative to a revolutionary movement being on foot in Cuba, is generally considered without foundation.

AT a Christmas Eve party, given at Mr. Stam's, a few miles in the country, on Friday evening last, an old lady 97 years of age, took the floor and waltzed around the room, until her partner, a young man of 25, was completely exhausted and had to sit down. The phrase of "go it while you're young, for when you get old you can't," is thus proved to be false, as well as inelegant.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.—The Buffalo people have organized a skating club, hired a "lot" of land, caused it to be flooded with water, which it is expected will freeze, built a retiring room for ladies, and hired a man to take care of the ice, keep it clear of snow, &c., at an expense of $1,000, for their sport this winter. Let others do likewise—and let the girls as well as the boys learn to skate.

A MEXICAN PROTECTORATE.—It is understood that the Military Committee in the House will report a bill in favor of the establishment of a protectorate by the United States over a considerable portion of Mexico, including Chihuahua and Sonora. The chances, however, are said to be much against the passage of any such measure.

FRAUDULENT BIDDING.—In a recent case in England, on the subject of the auction purchase of a horse, Lord Campbell said, that "if an owner bid at an auction, a real bidder, to whom the lot was knocked down, might avoid the contract on the ground that he had been imposed upon, and his bid forced to an improper mark." This is undoubtedly a sound rule, and our judges should apply it here.

A RECENT TRIAL at London brought to light the fact that one of the parties, Miss Leverson, is a lady's decorator. For a fee of five guineas she attends a lady going to a party, improves her complexion, hair and teeth, and supplies all deficiencies. This trade, according to the woman's statement, brings her in no less than £800 a year. Leverson boasts of having all the crowned heads among her customers, not excepting her Majesty, Queen Victoria, whose patronage she pretends to enjoy. She says she has preparations for making complexions white or red at pleasure, and carries about beauty for sale in a small box.

THE great Mariposa grant of John C. Fremont is advertised for sale in the tax delinquent list. It is valued at $200,000; improvements, $8,000; total for the 44,870 acres, $208,000; taxes, $4,423.

THE earthquake at San Francisco on the 26th of November, occurred about one o'clock in the morning, and sent a large portion of the population suddenly into the streets. Dishes were broken, articles of bed-room furniture were fractured, ornaments on mantels were thrown down, clocks stopped, and a few walls were cracked. There has been nothing like it since February, 1856. At San Jose the earth opened in several places, and sulphurous odors emanated therefrom, leading the people thereabouts to believe their *locale* was in rather uncomfortable proximity to a place they very much dread.

TERRIBLE DEATH FROM CARELESSNESS.—The wife of Mr. Warner Epes, of Chesterfield county, Virginia, retired to bed on Saturday night, during the absence of her husband, with a pipe in her mouth. The house took fire, and just as Mr. Epes returned the rafters fell in with a crash which sent up a volume of fire, and added fuel to the flames within. A search revealed the sad fact that his wife had perished. Her charred remains were discovered and taken from the ruins by her sympathizing neighbors.

THE MISSISSIPPI.—During the past summer, an old river captain devoted a good share of his time to exploring the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries. He reports, as the result of his examination, that the Red River of the North is navigable for steamboats to the distance of six hundred and sixty-five miles from Lake Winnipeg, where the mouth of the Cheyenne river is reached. He also satisfied himself that the river Saskatchewan was navigable for steamers a distance of seven hundred miles above Lake Winnipeg. It is proposed next season to send a steamer to the upper waters to test the matter thoroughly.

A TURKISH GENTLEMAN has been admitted attorney of the Queen's Bench, at London. Cumrooden was accordingly sworn on the Koran, in Mussulman fashion, and admitted. More than that, he received the Lord Chief Justice's express wishes for success in his profession.

BLAZE-PROOF DRESSES.—The London Medical Times says:—"The light fabrics manufactured for ladies' dresses must be made blaze-proof. Nothing can be more simple. The most delicate white cambric handkerchief or fleecy gauze, or the finest lace, may, by simple soaking in a weak solution of chloride of zinc, be so protected from blaze that if held in the flame of a candle they may be reduced to tinder without blazing. Dresses so prepared might be burnt by accident without the other garments worn by the lady being injured." Actresses' stage dresses are already so prepared in England.

A. J. V. MANSFIELD, of Boston, who gets up letters from the spiritual world, and furnishes crayon and other pictures, drawn by the "spirits," has been exposed by the young artist who really drew the pictures, in a letter to the public. Under Mr. Mansfield's superintendence, Dr. Channing recently wrote a letter to the Rev. Mr. Pierpont!

A LITTLE FELLOW, some five or six years of age, named Brigham, fell through a hole in the ice on the Boston Back Bay, on Tuesday, and would undoubtedly have been drowned, says the Traveller, but for the noble exertions of a young Miss, some ten years of age, by the name of Lizzie Whitmore, who, happening to see his red scarf above the water, crept to the hole, seized his hands, and by pulling and struggling, finally succeeded in dragging him upon the ice. She then took him, all covered with mud and water, in her arms, and carried him to his home.

A MARKET WOMAN, in the Philadelphia market, recently attempted to conceal her tub of butter beneath her hoops, when the clerk came round. He managed to discover it, however, and the butter proved, to be all too light weight, and was confiscated.

THE FILIBUSTER SCHOONER SUSAN.—Contrary to the recent rumors and positive assertions, there is official authority for saying that the Government up to noon, on the 29th ult., had not received one word relative to the alleged return of the schooner Susan to Pensacola from Nicaragua. The Government is in daily telegraphic communication with the federal officers at several of the Southern ports, and is kept advised of the filibustering movements so far as they can be ascertained, and every effort is made on its part to suppress them.

COMMANDER MACEY, in one of his lectures on the "Highways and Byways of the Ocean," states that animal matter, at the bottom of the deep sea, owing to the superincumbent pressure, the exclusion of light and heat, and the saline properties of the water, cannot decompose, but must remain precisely in the state in which it is deposited for ages and ages. Doubtful.

THE REFUGEES CAVE.—The Bucks county (Pa.) Intelligencer says, that on Saturday last, some boys, while playing about the stone quarries of Dr. Chas. Matthews, in Buckingham Valley, discovered a large cave in the limestone rock, running back about thirty feet. On the stone was carved the following inscription: "M. Doan, 1775." Hence, the cave is supposed to have been the hiding place of the notorious refugee brothers, Doan, of revolutionary memory.

NOVEL GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE.—A woman made application at Cincinnati, a day or two since, for a divorce, on the ground that her husband was a confounded fool. The magistrate informed her that if that were held to be a valid reason in law, half the married women in the city would be legally entitled to a matrimonial separation. The woman seemed comforted with this assurance—wretchedness is always alleviated by numbers—and departed from the magistrate's court with an improved frame of mind, and with a touch of consolation.

A YOUNG MAN was almost instantly killed in Berks county, Pa., a few days since, by inhaling carbonic acid gas from a burning lime-kiln, before which he was standing.

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD.—The shipments of gold from California to the United States, amounted the last year to thirty-six millions of dollars, about two millions more than the year previous. The California gold mines yield about as much wealth as the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

AS AN EXPLANATION of a recent passage in our Paris letter, we may state that the French profess to have discovered, in some of the old Spanish law journals, very interesting items regarding the antecedents of the Empress Eugenie. They have ascertained that her father died about three years before she was born—at least such is the inference, for her thirty-second birthday (according to the Moniteur) was celebrated on the 4th of June, and her father died in 1823. Moreover, a divorce between her father and mother, resulting from the mutual accusations of adultery, had been pronounced as far back as 1813, although they subsequently lived together, and the divorce was ultimately annulled.

THE SPIRITS AGAINST TOBACCO CHEWING.—Mr. R. H. Tripp writes from Hampden, Wis., to *The Spiritual Telegraph*, that the spirits have broken his habit of chewing tobacco. He says that on a certain occasion he was riding across the prairies in his carriage alone, when his quid of tobacco was taken out of his mouth by the invisibles, and his mouth made to taste as though it was filled with copperas; and that he has never been able to take a quid since. The same writer relates that a medium, who was under spiritual control, wanted a drink of water, and that the spirits took him down into a well twenty feet, to the water, and brought him up with a dipper two-thirds full.

FIFTY COURTS MARTIAL.—A correspondent of the New York Herald, on board the United States steam frigate Merrimac, states that since that vessel has been commissioned there have been fifty courts martial held in her, and that, in every instance, the accused parties have lost three months of their pay, and been sentenced to solitary confinement in double irons in the "sweat box." If this statement be correct, there must be a screw loose in the discipline of the ship.

MORE ABOUT THE NEWBURGH MURDER—THE MYSTERY CLEARING.—There is now a probability that this mysterious murder will come to light. A gentleman residing at Middletown, Orange county, states that his wife's sister, a tailoress, who had been working in Newburgh, in April, 1857, (boarding at Blizzard's, who was a relative,) has been missing since that time, and that the description given of the young girl who was murdered near that village, answers exactly to the appearance of the missing girl. He also states that it is his intention to fully investigate the matter.—*Trenton (N. J.) Gazette.*

RAILROAD ENGINEERS.—The engineers on the several railroads in Illinois have held a convention, and resolved to memorialize the Legislature for the enactment of a general law for their better protection, thereby securing to the public a competent set of engineers, who shall have passed an examination and received a certificate, as the marine engineers now do.

A RECENT account from Salt Lake City, says that the "saints" are leaving the city by hundreds. The presence of troops in the Valley gave them confidence and an assurance of protection, and now being in a position to carry out their will, they have taken leave of Mormonism and its abominations.

A NEW kind of "immigration" scheme is being carried into execution in Paris. The English Australian colonies suffer from the scarcity of the fair sex, even more than the French colonies from the want of negro labor. Several agents have arrived in the French capital, and are offering large premiums, with the promise of a husband, as soon as they arrive at the antipodes, to all French spinsters under the age of 30. They have collected about one hundred.

IT is *reported* that the filibusters have a rendezvous on the Rio Colorado, where they are concentrating—having already a thousand men there.

REFORM AMONG "THE FRIENDS."—The leading members of the Society of Friends recently held a conference at the head-quarters of the sect in Houndsditch, to discuss some important changes in their regulations. The conference was invited to consider, first, the propriety of making such alterations in the existing rules of the Society as would allow of marriages being solemnized in their meetings for worship after the manner of Friends by persons who professed to be Friends, and attended their religious meetings, one only of the contracting parties being a member of the Society; and, secondly, between persons who preferred to be Friends and attended their religious meetings, but neither of whom were members of the Society. The subject is one which materially concerns the Society itself, and also in some degree the general public, though the latter may not be at first sight apparent. During the last twenty years in this country the Society has been slightly but gradually decreasing in numbers. The aggregate numerical strength of the body in Great Britain is estimated at about 15,000. There are some who attribute not a little of the decline in their numbers to the stringency of the regulation respecting marriage, which recognizes no union of that kind which is not solemnized in accordance with their own custom and between members of their own community. The tendency of this has been, it is believed, besides creating occasional heartburnings within the Society itself, to check its growth, and to threaten it at some time or other, with total extinction. It has also, in one point of view, believed to have seriously affected the domestic relation of the Friends themselves, dooming many of them, and especially the women, to single life. The subject was discussed for four days, and the conference finally arrived at the conclusion that the first of the above stated propositions should be adopted.—*English Paper.*

A GOOD HIT.—We find the following in a letter from New York to the London Standard:—

Mr. F., the Boston publisher, has a wonderful memory, and his knowledge of English literature is so clear and available that when a friend wishes to know where any particular passage may be found he steers at once for the corner and consults the man who is very likely to give the desired information.

A pompous, would-be wit, not long ago thinking to puzzle him and make sport for a company at dinner, informed them prior to Mr. F.'s arrival, that he had himself that morning written some poetry, and intended to submit it to Mr. F. as *Southey's*, and inquire in which of his poems the lines occurred. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated he began:—"Friend F.—I have been a good deal exercised of late trying to find in Southey's Poems his well known lines, running thus—can you tell us about what time he wrote them?"

"I do not remember to have met with them before," replied Mr. F., "and there were only *two* periods in *Southey's* life when *such* lines could possibly have been written by him."

"When were those," gleefully asked the witty questioner.

"Somewhere," said Mr. F., "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles and cutting his first teeth; or, near the close of his life, when his brain had softened and he had fallen into idiocy. The *versification* belongs to the *measles* period, but the *expression* evidently betrays the *idiotic one*."

The funny questioner smiled faintly; but the company roared.

RATHER TOUGH.—In a recent lecture upon the subject of his experience in Arctic life, Dr. Kee said: "On the journey I saw a very curious instance of the sagacity of the Arctic fox. Conscious that I was aiming at him, he tucked his tail under his legs, cocked up his ears, and endeavored to make himself look as much as possible like a hare, (which is an animal comparatively worthless.) Another fact of this kind occurred to me. Whilst being detained at a particular place, our favorite amusement was trapping wild animals. Our mode of doing this was by a spring gun connected with the bait, which, when touched, produced the explosion. One instance showed us that a fox, either from observation of a companion's fate or from hard-earned experience, had gone up to the gun, bit off the cord connected with the bait, and, the danger being averted, went and ate the meat in undisturbed comfort. And it is a common occurrence for the fox to make a trench up to the bait, seize it, and calmly permit the charge to pass harmless over his head."

ONE OF THE SENTRIES.—In a recent lecture upon Washington, Theodore Parker told the following anecdote:—

At Cambridge, Gen. Washington had heard that the colored soldiers were not to be depended upon for sentries. So one night, when the password was "Cambridge," he went outside the camp, put on an overcoat, and then approached a colored sentinel. "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel. "A friend," replied Washington. "Friend, advance unarmed and give the countersign," said the colored man. Washington came up and said "Roxbury." "No, sar!" was the response. "Medford," said Washington. "No, sar!" returned the colored soldier. "Charlestown," said Washington. The colored man immediately exclaimed, "I tell you, Massa Washington, no man go by here 'cept he say 'Cambridge.'" Washington said "Cambridge," and went by, and the next day the colored gentleman was relieved of all further necessity for attending to that particular branch of military duty.

JUVENILE JEALOUSY.—A case of jealousy in which the tragical and farcical elements are grotesquely mixed up occurred last week at Bredbury, a village in Cheshire. As a girl named Fanny Bailey, aged sixteen, was returning to her home from an evening school, she was met by a boy named William Bradshaw, aged seventeen, who discharged a loaded pistol at her, and then ran away. The girl was not much hurt. The boy was found on the following day with his face covered with blood, drinking, as it was found on examination, from his having discharged the contents of a pistol in his mouth. His wounds are described as of a dangerous character. On searching him a book was found, in which was written:—"The cause of me doing this Was because fany Baily Would Not Speak to me and i could Not Live any longer so farewell Companions and Relations for ever But if fany Baily ever goes With any one else I will appear to her in my grave nute."—*English Paper.*

A VULPICIDE FOILED.—The *Dumfries Courier* states that, as a fox was carrying a hare which it had captured, it got its foot into a trap. A ploughman saw it, and attacked the animal with a rail; but the fox, adroitly swerving its head aside as far as its position enabled it to do, the full force of the blow struck the trap, depressing the spring, and instantly released the prisoner. On being set free, the fox made a dash at the hare (which he had dropped on being captured,) seized it with his teeth, and escaped before the dumbfoundered rustic had recovered from his surprise and could aim another blow.

THE GEORGIA AFRICANS.—Savannah, Dec. 30.—The case of the yacht Wanderer was continued to-day. Captain Christy was recalled and testified that on December 2d he went from Brunswick to Jekyl Island, and saw the negroes landed there by unknown white men. He supposed there were 300 of them. A number were put on his steamer, and conveyed to a spot fourteen miles above Savannah. Other witnesses were examined, but nothing of importance was elicited. The case was continued in consequence of the illness of one of the prisoners.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

500 bags Maracaibo on [illegible] a small lot of St. Domingo at 9½c, on time.

FEATHERS continue very dull, the season being over. Small sales of Western at 49@50c ₱ lb, short time.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are selling at 7¼@7½c. Peaches command 9@12c for unpared, and 14@15c for pared Southern and Western. Cranberries range from 10 to 15 cents, according to quality.

HIDES are held firmly, and the stock in first hands is about exhausted. An invoice of 1100 Maracaibo was disposed of at about 22c ₱ lb, 6 months.

HEMP—There is but little stock here, and no sales have transpired.

HOPS are steady. Small sales of new at 14@16c ₱ lb, and old at 6@8c.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues quite firm, but there has been less inquiry. The only sales have been in a small way at $22@23 for No 1; $20,50 for No 2, and $19,50@20 for No 3. Scotch Pig Iron is held at $24 ₱ ton, cash. Bar Blooms, Bar, and Boiler Iron there is a steady inquiry at previous quotations.

LEAD—The stock of Pig Lead here is very much reduced, and no further sales have been reported.

LUMBER—There is but little doing in any description. Yellow Pine Sap Boards are worth $16@16 ₱ 1000 feet, according to quality. Spruce Joists are rather scarce, and if here would bring $12. Spruce Flooring is worth about the same figure. Southern Flooring Boards command $19@20. Retail sales of Laths at $2 ₱ M.

LEATHER—Prime stock is scarce, and for this description the tendency of prices is still upward.

MOLASSES—The market is firm and there is more inquiry, but the absence of supplies restricts business. Sales of New Orleans at 37½@38 cents, and Porto Rico at 29 cents, on time.

SEEDS—There has been a good demand for Clover seed, and prices firm. Sales of 1600 bushels at $5,62½ ₱ 64lbs for fair, and $5,75@5,81½ for prime. 1000 bags sold from second hands for another market on private terms. Timothy is worth $2 12½@2,12½ ₱ bushel. Of American Flaxseed there is little or none here, and it is wanted at previous rates. 2000 bags Calcutta Linseed sold on private terms.

SUGAR—The market continues firm, but the absence of supplies has restricted operations. Sales of 300 hhds New Orleans at 7@7¾c, 100 hhds Cuba at 8½@7c, and a cargo of Pernambuco, for refining, on terms kept secret.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin are unchanged. N. E. Rum is sold at 35@37 cents. Whiskey is in limited demand. Sales of Pennsylvania bbls at 21½c; Ohio do, at 25@25½c; hhds at 24c, and drudge at 23c.

WOOL—In Wool there is a good feeling, and the tendency of prices have been steadily upwards. Among the sales we notice 30@40,000 lbs common and fine at 37@37c ₱ lb, cash; a lot of full blood at 54c, and 10,000 lbs one quarter blood at 46c.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 721 and 723 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	12 a14
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	8 a 9
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	Veal.	
Tongues, smoked	62 a75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	6
Tongue each	31a37½	Hind "	10
Udder	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	6 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 7	Sweetbread, each	16
Dried Beef, ₱ lb	14 a16	Pork.	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	38	Salt and fresh, ₱	10 a12
Hind "	75	Feet, ₱ set	12½c25
Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₱ lb	6 a 8
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	14 a16
		Bologna sausages	10 a20

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Harvards potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Do do, ₱ lb	2 a 3
Newest potatoes ₱ bbl	2,75a3	Corn pot's, ₱ bus	75a1,00
Cabbages, ₱ head	3 a6	Onions, bus	50
Tomatoes, ₱ basket	37½62½	Egg plants, each,	2 a3
		Turnips ₱ bush	37½

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	$1,12 a1,37½	Apples ₱ bl pk	25 a37

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, ₱ pair	50 a 87	Pheasants	1,25
Grouse	1,00	Partridges	50a55
Teal ₱ pair	62 a1,00	Chickens, ₱ lb	10 a12½
Canvas-Backed	1,50	Prairie do.	81,00
Wild Duck ₱ pr	75	Rabbits apiece	10 a12½
Red Head	1,00		

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ cwt	50 a75	Morris River Cove, ₱ M	10,00 a12,50
Do. ₱ M	15,00a20,00	N Y do. ₱ bbl.	10,00 13,00
		Terrapins	$10,00a14,00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	25 a30	Blue Fish, lb	12
Eggs "	28 a30	Salt do, lb	11
Lard "	10 a12	Mackerel	10
Candles	6 a 8	Sm'k'd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	8 a 9	Sausage meat ₱ lb	12½
Halibut lb	12½		

SOMETHING NEW.—There probably will come a time when originality will give out, and nothing new will be invented. Fur garters are the latest agony—we say "garters" right out, after a long mental conflict as to its propriety.—*Exchange Paper.*

GALLANTRY OF A PHILADELPHIA CREW.

The ship Tuscarora, of this port, on her voyage to Liverpool, picked up the crew of the barque Norfolk, from Newcastle, Eng., for St. John, N. B. The vessel reports that on Friday, the 12th of November, about 8 o'clock, P. M., the gale commenced and raged with tremendous fury until 12 o'clock. The barque Norfolk, of Newcastle, bound for St. John, N. B., became unmanageable, so that the captain ordered the foremast to be cut away, which was speedily done, and in falling it carried away with it the maintopmast and mizzenmast. The ship then became a total wreck, and as each sea heaved she rolled most fearfully. They remained in this state, having no more canvas on board, until Monday, when the American ship Tuscarora hove in sight. The sea at this time was running mountains high, and it was blowing a strong gale. The Norfolk had a signal of distress flying, which was acknowledged by the Tuscarora in hoisting the stars and stripes, followed by the signals, "We will save you all if we can."

On board the Tuscarora were nearly 300 passengers. As she bore down upon the barque, it became evident that the risk and danger to be encountered were frightful, and the passengers began to wonder who would be the volunteers who dared in such a sea to risk their lives in an open boat. It was decided in the morning that the first mate, (Mr. Dickinson,) should go in the boat, and upon coming upon deck he asked the third mate, (Mr. Williams,) a very smart young officer, if he would accompany him, and he immediately stated he would go.

Things had proceeded thus far, when the captain of the Tuscarora (Captain Dunlevy) signalled to the captain (James Hill) of the barque Norfolk, stating they were about sending a boat to take them off the wreck, but still there was a great difficulty yet to surmount, none of the crew being disposed to volunteer. Mr. Williams, the third mate, went to them and succeeded in enlisting three of the men to accompany them. The boat was now launched, and the first and third mates jumped into the boat, followed by the three sailors. Mr. Williams, the third mate, upon leaving, requested the boatswain, in the event of his not returning, to hand his money and clothes over to his mother when he reached Liverpool.

Now the excitement, which had up to the present time been great on board the Tuscarora, became intense. Both Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Williams had already won the warmest feelings of regard from the passengers for the kind interest they at all times manifested for the welfare and comfort of all. The barque was nearly reached, and just when they were within a few yards of her, she drifted, and came nearly stern foremost upon the Tuscarora's boat, and, but for the promptitude in carrying out the orders to "back water," the five brave fellows would have been smashed. The danger to the boat now became fearfully great, as the barque rolled so quickly that it was with the greatest difficulty they could get the crew into the boat. It may be as well here to mention that when they started from the ship they did not expect to find more than six or seven hands on board, and therefore, when the twelve were taken into the boat, it was more than full; but this was their only chance of escape, as every sea threatened to send the barque to the bottom.

After many hair-breadth escapes of being jammed between the boat and the side of the barque, the whole twelve men were taken into the boat, and they pushed her off for the Tuscarora. The sea kept increasing. The boat was steered by the first mate of the Tuscarora, Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Hill, captain of the Norfolk, on their way back to the ship. It was observed that Williams, the third mate of the Tuscarora, jumped out of the boat and got into a life-buoy, to make more room for the shipwrecked crew, and kept in the water by the side of the boat nearly all the way back to the Tuscarora. Both mates of the Tuscarora started without coats, stockings or shoes, to be prepared for a swim in case the boat should upset. The boat left the ship at half-past 1 P. M., and did not return to the Tuscarora until 4 o'clock, taking to go and return—a distance of not more than half a mile—2½ hours.

At 4 o'clock, in the afternoon the boat reached the ship, and safely put on board the ill-fated crew, who had nothing with them but what they stood in, as it was found impossible to save any of their clothes. Captain Dunlevy immediately supplied them with all they required to make them comfortable. The passengers were also on the alert, and pulled out everything they could muster to add to their comfort, and the two mates and the three sailors of the Tuscarora, who had, at the most imminent risk of their lives, braved the danger to save the crew of the Norfolk, rendered the crew every assistance. The shipwrecked sailors looked nearly worn out, and they all said they could not have held out many hours longer.

TROUBLES IN A CHURCH.—*The Pastor in Prison.*—The German church in the Fourth District, New Orleans, is divided, a minority upholding certain measures of the pastor, Mr. Presler, the majority, among whom are the trustees, bitterly opposing him, and having procured an injunction forbidding him to officiate. On Sunday week the obnoxious clergyman attempted to enter the church, but was met by a deputation of the female members of the congregation, who told him that he had no business there, and could not enter. On his disregarding this information a scene ensued, which is thus described by the Crescent:—

"The ladies, it seems, were fixed for contingencies, and no sooner had his reverence forced his way into the church, than they descended upon him like an avalanche, with cowhides, and pepper and salt, and flour, and gypsum—lathering him mercilessly with the former articles, and powdering him all over with the latter. Thus beset, the preacher had but one alternative, and that was to fly from the church—an operation which he performed to the satisfaction of all. A policeman, hearing of the affair, went to see Presler, and asked if he wished to have anybody arrested; but he declined making complaint against anybody. The richest part of the scene was, that whilst the ladies were cowhiding and flouring the preacher, their husbands and friends were standing around as quiet and unconcerned as a lot of Egyptian mummies."

The unfortunate minister's troubles did not end here, however. He was arrested the next day for contempt of court, in attempting to preach after the issue of the injunction, and sentenced to two hours' imprisonment.

AN INTELLIGENT GOAT.—The New Orleans True Delta gives the following account of a child adopted and suckled by a goat, after the example of Romulus and Remus:

Up in the Fourth District, New Orleans, lives a man, his infant child, and a matronly, well-behaved nanny goat. The nanny is the hairy foster-mother of the infant, which the fever, some time since, robbed of its parent proper, and she entirely appreciates the peculiar duties which have devolved upon her. When she hears the hungry cry of her helpless little human charge, she is by its side in an instant, placing her teats at the service of its thirsty lips. Frequently the quick ears of the quadrupedal wet-nurse hear the child's cry when she is browsing in the street at some distance from the house, and leaving her own repast, she darts hastily off to supply the wants of the "motherless bairn," dependent upon her, as Romulus and Remus were of old upon the dugs of their wolfish protectress. We believe we have told a tolerable strange story above—but truth is stranger than fiction.

SENATOR DOUGLAS recently arrived at New York from Havana, and was welcomed by a committee of the city authorities, and afterwards serenaded by his friends, &c. He passes through Philadelphia and Baltimore on his way to Washington.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
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JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ CARVING OF ART.—The Berlin galleries, are made up, like other galleries, of goat-footed Pan, Europa's Bull, Romulus's she-wolf, and the Correggiosity of Correggio, and contain, for instance, no portrait of Friedrich the *Great*—no likeness at all, or next to none at all, of the noble series of Human Realities, or of any part of them, who have sprung, not from the idle brains of dreaming dilettanti, but from the head of God Almighty, to make this poor authentic earth a little memorable for us, and to do a little work that may be eternal there.—*Carlyle's Friedrich the Great.*

☞ The general opinion is that the vainest of all birds is the peacock. We think the goose is the vainest. A goose, when entering a barn through the doorway, invariably bobs her head to avoid hitting the top. Evidently every goose thinks herself at least fifteen feet high.

☞ There is no disguise which can long conceal Love where it does, or feign it where it does not exist.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

☞ I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato.*

☞ Let friendship creep gently to a height—if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	113½	—
" " '68	115½	—
" 5 " coupon '74	104½	—
Penna 6 pr ct, old	99	—
" " new	103½	103½
" 5 "	91½	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	70	71
" 6 coupon	—	55
Allegh City 6 pr ct	69	—
" Canal "	54	—
R R issue	50	51½
Penn 6 pr ct	101	—
" 5 " coupon	—	100
" 5 "	93¼	—
Tenn 6 pr ct	94½	—
" 5 " coupon	82	83
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	98½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	94½	97
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	144	—
Philadelphia	115	—
Far & Mec	99	—
Commercial	99	99½
Y Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	28	—
Southwark	—	62
P Township		35
Kensington	66	—
Girard	12	12½
Western	67½	70
Man & Mech	26	28
Commerce	63	—
Tradesmen's	63½	—
City	45	—
Consolidation	—	25½
Commonwealth	—	23
Corn Exchange	23½	25
Germantown	55	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange	55	60
Kentucky Ky.	118	118
Northern "	—	121½
Louisville "	—	109
Farmers "	—	122
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	109½
Planters "	108	109
N O Gas Light	120½	—
Com & R R Bank		
Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas		
Light Co	—	92½
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	½	½
New Grenada	½	½
N American Ins'nce	15	15
N Liberties Gas	29½	30
Southwark & Frankford RR	50	57
Bonds	—	95½

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	106	—
2nd " "	92½	92½
stock		
Interest off	42½	43
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	95	97
stock	—	120
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	85	—
mort 6's '44	85½	—
" " '58	—	77½
stock	26½	28½
Lehigh Valley R R		
mort 6 pr ct	87½	87½
stock	40	43
Phila, Wil & Balt		
stock	36	—
6 pr ct loan '60	102	102½
Ches Val R R 7s	42	43
Tioga R R	75	— 85
Williams & Elmira		
7's 1st mort	75½	76
2d "	56½	—
stock	—	10
Catawissa	6	6½
Beaver Meadow		
stock	—	39
preferred 10 pr ct	60	—
North Penna R R		
stock	8½	8½
6 pr ct loan	83½	—
Phil Ger & Nor R R		
stock	53½	53½
6 pr ct loan	98	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	61½	—
Har and Lan R R		
stock	—	20
bonds '83	97	—
L. Cobyhill R R		
stock	25½	28
Long Island R R		
stock	11	—
bonds	85	85½
Erie R R stock	17½	17½
Hudson River R R	25½	25½
N Y Central "	85½	85½
Michigan Centra "	47½	48½
Illinois "	70½	—
Michigan Southern	19½	20
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct		
loan '82	70½	—
imp. 6 pr ct	74	74
stock	8½	8
preferred	16½	17
Lehigh Nav stock	48½	50
mort 6 pr ct	90½	—
scrip	27½	27½
Morris Canal'd	47½	48
preferred	104½	104½
Ches & Del	37	—
bonds	—	77
Union	2½	3
bonds	55	—
Sus & Tidewater	14	8
bonds 1888	77½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 1, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ½ to 1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ to 1½ dis
GEORGIA.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
OHIO.
Solv bks ¼ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ½ dis
INDIANA.
State bank ¼ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 1½ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks ¼ dis
TENNESSEE.
Old banks 2 dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The sales of Beef Cattle amounted to about 1400 head, at prices about the same as the previous week, with a brisk market. The following lots were sold at Wardwell's Avenue Drove Yard: 10 head, J Miller, Chester co, extra, $10½; 95 McQuad. Mooney & Co, Ohio, 7½@10½; 23, B Young, Jersey, 8@8½; 37, J Bassarett, Va, 7½@8½, 28, Strickland & Co, Ohio, 8½@10½; 15, Baldwin & Scarlet, Lancaster, 8@10; 53, Huthat & Co, Va, 8@9½; 23, D Richey, Washington co, 7½@9½; 25, Baldwin & Underwood, Chester co, 8@9; 13, Wm Fuller, Fayette co, 7@10; 43, Zarman & Fisher, Va, 7@9; 16, I Abrahams, Ohio, 9@10. Sheep—3000 arrived, and sold from $3 to 4.50 ₩ head, being 9@10c ₩ lb dressed. Cows—260 arrived. Extra sold at $40 to 50; middling $20 to 25; dry $15 to 25.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—12 head, Thos Wellington, Md, 8@9½; 85, Cochran & McCall, Chester, 8½@10; 44, McCall & McFillen, do, 8½@10; 27, Wm H Forrest, do, 8½@9½; 22, R Neely, do, 8½@9½; 11, W Alexander, do, 8½@9½; J McFillen, do, 9@9½; 23, B Hood, do, 8½@10; 21, W Alexander, do, 7@10; 24, A Kimble, do, 9@10; 56, Hathaway & Co, Pittsburg, 8½@10; 38, Scott & Kimble, Chester, 8@10; 18, Z Williams, do, 9@9½; 5, E & L Chandler, do, 7½@9; 48, J Todd, Pittsburg, 8@10; 19, —— Power, Chester 8@9½.

SEDENTARY HABITS.

There is no class of the community more subject to disease of the digestive organs than those whose business compels them to be continually within doors, either seated at a desk or standing behind a counter. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will prove a true blessing to these persons, and enable them to fulfill the duties of their station with a spirit and alacrity unknown to them before. These Bitters can be had of any druggist or dealer in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Dec. 26th, 1858, at 1410 Hanover St., Kensington, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. ALBERT EICHHORN, to Miss CATHARINE FRIEDLEY, both of this city.

Dec. 24th, at the same place, by the same, Mr. JOHN CURRIE, of Philadelphia, Pa. to Miss MARGARET McCLELLAND, of Gloucester city, N. J.

At Oak Mulgey, on the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. D. B. Winfull, Mr. A. J. JOHNSON, to Miss O. D. WORSHAM, youngest daughter of Daniel Worsham, Esq. all of Chesterfield, Va.

On Thursday, Dec. 30th, at the residence of Dr. A. D. Markley, Montgomeryville, Pa. by the Rev. Jos. F. Jamison, Mr. BENJ. F. DARE, of Philada. to Miss AMELIA A. MARKLEY, of the former place.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. J. A. McKean, Mr. JOSEPH H. PAUL, to Miss MARY A. STETERELL, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. John McDowell, Mr. JOHN LANG, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss FRANCES W. FRITZ, of Upper Darby, Del. county, Pa.

On the 16th of Nov. by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JAMES HOOD, to Miss MARY HARDON, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD R. BLATTNER, to Miss MARTHA A. CUMMINGS, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. GEORGE S. MILLER, to Miss MARIA J. BROWN, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. W. Kenney, CASPER DOUGHERTY, to ANNIE E. BEESLEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, MARY A. BRADLEY, aged 38 years.

On the 27th ultimo, CAPT. WILLIAM FLEMING, aged 77 years.

On the 28th ultimo, MRS. RACHEL A. WEAVER, aged 38 years.

On the 27th ultimo, WILLIAM C. GRAHAM, aged 43 years.

On the 28th ultimo, MARY BROWN, aged 65.

On the 28th ultimo, MRS. HANNAH M. L. CRESSON.

On the 28th ultimo, MRS. ELIZABETH, wife of J. W. Spratt, aged 43 years.

On the 26th ultimo, WILSON P. VASEY, M. D. aged 31 years.

On the 27th ultimo, MRS. ELIZABETH MCKINLEY, aged 68 years.

On the 25th ultimo, DEWITT C. BLACK, aged 25 years.

On the 24th ultimo, MR. ABRAHAM HANCKER, aged 57 years.

On the 26th ultimo, SAMUEL IRONS, aged 51.

On the 23d ultimo, OTIS AMMIDON, Esq. aged 87 years.

On the 23d ultimo, CAROLINE W. wife of John Keyser, aged 29 years.

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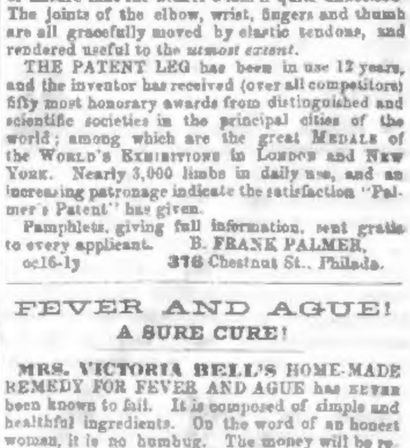
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Jim—You argers dat de world is flat and stands on big rock—now I want you to tole me what dat rock stand on?

Cato—Nigger, I'se s'prised at your ignerance! why it stands on annurer big rock.

Jim—(Confident that he had his opponent cornered)—But what does bofe of dem rocks stand on?

Cato—(After a moment's hesitation)—Why, dar is rocks all de way down.

Jim—(With a pompous air)—My colored friend, I'se sorry to see sich 'splays ob remitigated obscurity in a gemman ob your egsalted pertentions; allow me who has experienced superior opportunities, to correct de wery deroneous repression you has, and inform you dat dis earf is round and devolves on axles.

Cato—I knows how to depreciate de feelin dat prompts you to distend to dis nigger de information dat you furnish on de question dat we is at present debatin', and wid all reference to s'perior opportunities to which you take occasion to prelude, I must disagree wid you on de freory dat you advances. Kase if de world was round and turned on axles, wouldn't de axle-trees broke down and spill all de people in the street? Answer me dat.

It is unnecessary to add that Jim was utterly confounded, by this overwhelming argument, and forced to "knock under" to the superior intellectual attainments of his opponent.

A Romantic Wedding.—On an evening not long since, Miss P———, a beautiful young lady, was engaged to marry two gentlemen at the same hour, Mr. G——— and Mr. M———. At the appointed time, these two hopeful lords of creation made their appearance, ready and equipped with lawful credentials, no doubt each exulting in his good fortune as being the "chosen of her heart," and around his vivid fancy played etherial beings, that pictured to his imagination "fields of Eden and skies of light." The Rev. Mr. W——— was engaged by both of them. On the arrival of the parties at the bride's house, each claimed her hand, to the utter astonishment of the other, and valiantly contended for the prize.

The parson had a private interview with the contending parties, and, finding they could not settle the matter satisfactorily, suggested that they leave it to the public decision of the bride, to which they at length agreed. She was apprised of the fact, and accordingly met them both in a room filled with guests. Rev. Mr. W——— then told her that Mr. G——— and Mr. M——— were present, and presented claims for her hand in marriage, each having license to that effect, and she must now, in the presence of these witnesses, decide which should be the favored one.

"There they stood, side by side,
The *bridegrooms* and the blushing bride;
Around her form, so fair and light,
A spotless robe of simple white;
A blush her brighter brow o'erspread
As she bravely raised her head and said,"

"I believe *I will take the one with the 'yallow' jacket on.*" This being her decision, Mr. G———, being rejected, withdrew, and the ceremony was performed as solemnly as the occasion would admit.—*Western Paper.*

A Sensitive Horse.—An anecdote, illustrative of the wit of the Irish "jarvies," is going the rounds in Dublin. Mr. ——— is a man of aldermanic proportions. He chartered an outside car t'other day at Island Bridge Barrack, and drove to the post-office. On arriving he tendered the driver sixpence, which was strictly the fare, though but scant remuneration for the distance. The jarvey saw at a glance the small coin, but in place of taking the money which Mr. ——— held in his hand, he busied himself putting up the steps of the vehicle, and then, going to the well at the back of the car, took thence a piece of carpeting from which he shook ostentatiously the dust, and straightway covered his horse's head with it. After doing so, he took "the fare" from the passenger, who, surprised at the deliberation with which the jarvey had gone through the whole of these proceedings, inquired, "why did you cover the horse's head?" To which the jarvey, with a humorous twinkle of his eye, and to the infinite amusement of the approving bystanders, replied, "Why did I cover the horse's head? Is that what you want to know? Well, because I didn't want to let the decent baste see that he carried so big a load so far for one little sixpence?" It should be added, in justice to the worthy citizen, that a half-crown immediately rewarded the jarvey for his ready joke.

A Domestic Recipe.—A father, who had passed innumerable sleepless nights, has immortalized himself by discovering a method of keeping babies quiet. The *modus operandi* is as follows:—As soon as the squaller awakes, set it up, propped by a pillow, if it cannot sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses: then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes again, more molasses and more feathers; and in place of the nerve astounding yells, there will be silence and enjoyment unspeakable.

Clerical Punning.—Parson Twiss of New Hampshire had just married a lady whose Christian name was Desire, and it being in his course of remark on a certain Sabbath to illustrate the difference between the renewed and unrenewed man in the exercise of love, he delivered himself, to the amusement of his audience, in this way—"Formerly I had no Desire to love, but now I have a Desire to love, and I love freely."

Making Molasses Candy.—"I don't see, girls," said I, at last, tired of stirring, "as the molasses will ever be any thing but molasses."

"I have a conundrum," said Jenny. "Why are some of us very *unlike* this molasses?"

"Because," said Sarah, "some of us will some time cease to be lasses, but this never will."

"No," said Jenny, "it is because we are candied, but this will never be."

"Now," said Susan, "can you tell me why some of us are very much like this molasses?"

"Because we are sweet."

"No."

"Because we are lasses"

"No."

"Because we need stirring up."

"No. Give it up?"

"Yes."

"Because I very much fear that some of us, like this molasses, will never change our name or state."

A Sucker at the "Planters."—The other evening a traveller from a sister State, a full-blooded "Sucker," arrived in St. Louis, and put up at the Planters' House. He rose betimes next morning and discovered that his boots were missing. Somewhat alarmed at the loss of his *understandings*, and half attired, he rushed into and through the passages, shouting for a waiter at the top of his voice, to the great annoyance of sundry young gentlemen in the upper story, who are in the habit of always "sleeping it off." Doors were opened and slammed to again, and mutterings, not suited for ears polite, might have been heard, on learning the cause of the fuss.

At length the "Sucker" found a servant, and demanded his boots.

"Boots—boots—yes, sir!"

"What number, sir?" asked the obsequious attendant.

The "Sucker" looked rather dubiously for a moment, but brightened up as he answered: "Pegged soles and heels, and *number twelves!*"

Courtship of the Late Dr. R———.—"*Dear Sir*:—I am sorry that I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged; but I am sure my Sister Ann will jump at it.

"Your obliged, Eliza L."

"*My Dear Miss Eliza L.*—I beg your pardon—I wote your name in mistake; it was Miss Ann I meant to ask—have written to her per bearer. Hoping soon to be your affectionate brother, J. R."

Daily Immersion of the Head.—Dr. Bissell, one of the quarantine physicians at Staten Island, states it as his opinion that "if the person's hair is washed and combed every day, he is not liable to disease."

The Norfolk Herald adds the following corroborative testimony:

"So important a result from so simple a cause may seem incredible to many, but not to us. There is not a more effectual preventive of disease than the immersion of the head in cold water every morning, the year round. We know an old gentleman, now the rise of seventy, who says that until he was thirty years old, he was of a weakly constitution, and particularly liable to attacks of bilious fever, violent colds and headache; but having heard that the best preventive of headache was to wash the head in cold water every morning, immediately after rising, he then commenced the practice, and has continued it to the present time, and during the interval of forty years has never had the bilious fever, hardly knows what the headache is, and though sometimes taking cold, has never had a cold that hindered him from attending to his ordinary affairs; add to this, he passed unscathed through the terrible epidemic of 1855."

Anagrams.—The Montreal Transcript publishes a collection of these literary curiosities, gathered by Mr. J. Douglas Borthwick, which is very curious. We borrow some portions of it, omitting those that have long been familiar:—

Able was I ere I saw Elba—(same backwards). Arthur Wellesley—Truly he'll see war. Breakfast—Fat Bakers. Catalogues—Got as a clue Charades—Hard case. Charles James Stuart—Claims Arthur's seat. Christianity—Its in charity. Democratical—Comical trade. Dissemination—I send into Siam. Embargo—O grab me! Encyclopedia—A nice cold pie. Festival—Evil feast. Gallantries—All great sins. Lawyers—Sly ware. Miniature—True I am in. Misanthrope—Spare him not. Monarch—March on. Old England—Golden land. Parishioners—I hire parsons. Patience—A nice pet. Pedagogues—See a pug dog. Penitentiary—Nay I repent it. Presbyterian—Best in prayer. Revolution—To love ruin. Sub-treasurer—A sure burster. Solemnity—Yes Milton. Wealth—The law. Victoria Regina in Old England—I reign a victor in a golden land.

When Johnson for a time dissolved
The conjugal relation,
He told his wife he'd send her funds,
Which was a consolation;
But she at last was forced to say,
As by the months went flitting,
And nothing came, "Great kindness this,
'Tis truly *unremitting*."

Rousseau on Fame.—"You see," said he, with the bitter misanthropy which his later misfortunes had produced in him, "Jean-Jacques cannot even hide himself; he is an object of curiosity to some, of malignity to others, and to all he is a public thing, at which they point the finger. It would signify less if he had only to submit to the impertinence of the idle; but, as soon as a man has had the misfortune to make himself a name, he becomes public property. Every one rakes into his life, relates his most trivial actions, and insults his feelings; he becomes those walls which every passer-by may deface with some abusive writing. Perhaps you will say that I have encouraged this curiosity by publishing my *Memoirs*. But the world forced me to it.—They looked into my house through the blinds, and they slandered me; I have opened the doors and windows, so that they should at least know me such as I am. Adieu, sir;—whenever you wish to know the worth of fame, remember that you have seen Rousseau."

AN ENTICING BAIT, CERTAINLY.

Lottery Satan.—"Well, if they won't bite at this, by Jove, the gudgeons are hard to please."

Agricultural.

COOKED FOOD FOR FATTENING ANIMALS.

Mr. Samuel H. Clay, of Kentucky, has been experimenting in feeding several lots of hogs, changing them from raw to cooked and from cooked to raw food, ground and unground. The *Valley Farmer* furnishes us with the following results:—

Mr. Clay's experiments show, that to make pork on dry corn, one bushel gave in one instance, a gain of five pounds and ten ounces. In changing the food, on the same animals, to boiled corn, one bushel produced a gain of fourteen pounds and seven ounces, and a bushel of corn ground and cooked, gave a gain of sixteen pounds and seven ounces; while in another instance, after a change from dry corn to cooked meal, the gain upon one bushel was but a fraction short of eighteen pounds.

These experiments, then, show an average gain of about three pounds, when the animals were fed on cooked food, to a gain of one pound when fed on dry corn. Or, to reduce the comparative cost of the gain per pound, estimating the corn at 28 cents per bushel, the following are the results:—When the hogs were fed on dry corn, the average gain cost a fraction over 4½ cents per pound; when fed on cooked meal, the gain cost a fraction over 1½ cents a pound, or when fed on cooked corn, unground, the gain cost 1 cent and 9 mills per pound, leaving but four mills, or less than ½ a cent, per pound in favor of cooked unground, or allowing but four mills per pound for grinding, exclusive of the greater time required to cook whole corn, over that which is ground. But to come to the point more definitely, we will reduce the price of the corn to 25 cents per bushel, (which is as low as may now ever be expected, except, perhaps, in some remote quarter,) and reduce the gain from two-thirds to one-half, for the difference between cooked and uncooked food, which will be equal to twelve and a half cents on each bushel of corn fed out, and see how the question will stand.

With a properly constructed apparatus and suitable feeding arrangements, one man can cook and feed out 100 bushels of meal in a day. To do this, his meal must be placed in bins so as to be conducted into the steam-vat without handling, and his feed-troughs so arranged that the slop will flow into them in the same manner, without handling. But if corn is cooked without shelling or grinding, two men would be required to manage the same quantity. In the first instance, then, there would be a saving of 50 bushels of corn, which at 25 cents per bushel, is $12,50, to be offset by the labor of one man, one day, which, at $1,25 per day, leaves a profit of $11,25 in favor of cooking. But, if the corn be cooked whole, and requires to be fed out by hand, allowing two hands, at the same cost per day, there will still be a gain of $10.

But to simplify the question still further:—Is it not cheaper to cook 100 bushels of corn than it is to raise 50 bushels? But besides a saving of one-half of the corn, by the process of cooking, there are numerous other advantages to be taken into account. The same weight is attained, according to the experiment above quoted, in one-third of the time, or we will reduce this also to one-half, avoiding the risk of accidents to animals on the time gained, the care and attendance in feeding, the advantages of weather in the earlier and more favorable season for feeding, together with other incidental matters not enumerated.

The conclusions, which are generally arrived at, are predicated upon the idea that prevails in regard to the cost of cooking food, according to the primitive methods employed in the East in a single kettle, or Mott's agriculture boiler. These are adapted only to small operations, and, of course, to depend on them, would incur considerable cost for labor, fuel, &c. But we should not forget that this is a progressive age, and the inventive powers of our countrymen are adequate to any emergency of the times, or demands of the age. Every one who is acquainted with distilling, knows that many hundred of bushels of corn go through the destructive process, in one of these establishments, in a single day; and if the same quantity was only to be prepared as food for swine, with boilers constructed alone for that purpose, the same work could be performed with greater facility, and less labor. To provide a boiler and steam-vat of a capacity suited to extensive feeding, with the necessary fixtures, would cost several hundred, or perhaps a thousand dollars, but like many other branches of business, we are convinced that the larger the establishment, the more profitably it may be conducted, and that, not only may the cost of the fixtures soon be saved, but a large per centage of the corn usually fed.

We are perfectly satisfied from our own repeated experiments, which have been fully sustained by those conducted by others, that with a suitable establishment of capacity adapted to the end in view, a great saving may be secured by this method of preparing food for swine, and we believe with scarcely less profit for beef cattle. We wish some philanthropic, enterprising farmer would take the matter in hand, and make an experiment on a dozen or more bullocks, through a full course of fattening on steamed food, both grain and hay, with an equal number fed in the ordinary way.

If grain is not to be cooked, we still contend, as we ever have, that it should be well ground, whether fed to hogs, cattle or horses, and to cattle and horses it should always be given in combination with the coarser food.

FILLING ICE HOUSES.

It is always well to secure the first good ice that makes, say one foot in thickness. This, if it be perfectly clear and free from frozen snow, is thick enough, and the sooner the crop is secured the better. Those who have large houses, and harvest ice for the markets, have their own methods, and need no hints from us. But there are many among our readers who will be ready this month to lay in their private summer stores. For such we would offer a few plain directions:

The first business is to cut the ice into suitable blocks for packing. When there is no machinery to be employed in handling the blocks, two feet by three will be found a convenient size for a house twelve feet square, as they will make a perfect fit in the packing. The ice should be first marked off with some sharp tool and a crevice be made to be followed with a coarse saw—a cross cut saw, with one handle off, or an old saw-mill plate with a handle added, will answer. The saw should follow the marker as closely as possible, to make straight edged blocks. It will take twenty-four of these blocks for the first layer of ice, and, if one foot thick, two hundred and eighty-eight will fill the house.

In selecting ice for cutting, take that which is perfectly clear and solid. Air or dirt frozen in, will not keep so well. Care should be taken also to keep the blocks clean while laying them in. After the first layer of blocks is put down, and the sawdust or sea-weed is packed in solid at the sides, the crevices around each block should be filled up with pounded ice, or dry snow. If the weather is intensely cold, a very little water may be used at the cracks to make the union perfect. The more completely you can exclude air from the body of the ice, the longer it will keep.

Having finished the first layer, sweep off clean, and put in the next, which cement together with the pounded ice like the first. Continue this process until the last layer, which cover with sawdust or straw, or sea-weed if more convenient, eighteen inches in thickness. If the ice house is properly made, and good ice put in it in this manner, you will find it very little diminished next May, when you open it to get the first block for the refrigerator.

A subscriber asks if an ice house cannot be filled by pouring in water from time to time and letting it freeze. This might, perhaps, be one on a small scale, should there be a long continued succession of freezing days. But the operation would be very tedious, and in the end, even if successful, more expensive than cutting ready formed ice.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

Shoeing Horses that Over-reach.—"Why not put the front shoes a little further forward, and the hind shoes a little further backward?" Plainly, because that will not increase the speed of the fore-feet and retard that of the hinder, which is just what you want to accomplish. But to do this, make the toe-calks of the fore-feet very low, and set the shoe back as far as possible, with high-heel calks. Then, reverse this method upon the hind-feet. Thus, the fore-feet will be enabled to get out of the way of the hind-feet, and the clicking and loosening of shoes will cease. This will also help the speed of the horse.—*American Agriculturist.*

Scientific Conclusions.—Scientific experiments, as well as theoretical hypothesis, have established the following positions. We believe they may be set down as agricultural truths:

Substances, rich in nitrogen, increase the verdure, lengthen the straw, and promote and prolong the growth of plants.

Lime generally shortens the period of growth, strengthens the stem and hastens the time of ripening of both corn and root crops.

Saline substances, applied alone, and even in comparatively minute quantities, on some soils, produce a remarkable effect, on other soils but little.

While one substance, applied alone, produces little or no effect, a mixture of two or more may give rise to striking differences.

Phosphoric acid, lime, and some form of organic matter, are essential constituents of such a mixture as shall everywhere and under all circumstances produce a marked, beneficial effect on old, worn-out land.

Sulphuric acid has a beneficial effect on leguminous plants.

Common salt adds to the weight of grain.

Bones tend to fill the ear.—*N. E. Farmer.*

To Dissolve Bones.—If no mills are accessible bones may be dissolved in sulphuric acid. For 100 lbs. of bones take about 30 lbs. of acid (2 gallons), and mix with it, say 32 lbs. of water (4 gallons). First, put the water into a strong wooden-hooped cask or barrel, and add the acid slowly, stirring it as added, with a stick. Crack the bones, or not, as may be convenient, and put them in and above the fluid. Punch them down and stir them occasionally with a stick. Let them stand, four, six, or eight weeks, until softened and mostly dissolved.

Many assert that they cannot dissolve whole bones, but *they do not take time enough.* From repeated trials we know they *will* dissolve. The time will depend upon the dryness of the bones, and their freedom from fat.

After standing two months, more or less, mix the mass thoroughly, with six or eight times, or more, its bulk of muck, or even with common soil, if need be. This makes an excellent fertilizer, worth anywhere all it costs, and more. Sulphuric acid, in carboys of 120 to 160 lbs., costs from two to three cents per pound, according to distance from the manufactory. It needs to be handled with care, as it is corrosive to the flesh and clothing.—*American Agriculturist.*

Manuring Young Fruit Trees.—It is an excellent practice to top-dress the ground about young fruit trees with yard manure, early in winter. It protects the roots from cold, and the soluble portions soaking into the earth by each successive rain or melting snow, fertilize them with spaded manure. Spaded in, in the spring, all the remaining advantages are secured. The manure should not be placed in a little heap at the foot of the stem, as many do, but should be spread broadcast to a distance on every side, equal to the height of the tree, as the roots extend much further than is commonly supposed.—*Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

To Remove Candle Grease from Window Glass.—Many persons are troubled to wash off the spots of candles from glass. They undertake to wash the windows with warm water, and find that the application only spreads the material over the window like a coat of paint. If all who are thus troubled will just wash the windows in a little turpentine, they will find the difficulty speedily removed.

Salting Pork.—It is important to have the pork well cooled before salting, and it should not remain unsalted long after cooling. It should never be allowed to freeze. It should always have a great supply of salt, of the strongest quality, and brine should be made and poured into the barrel. For if nothing but water is put in with the salt, the pork may be injured before the salt is melted enough to make good brine. The meat should have a weight upon it to keep it under the brine; for if pieces of meat are permitted to rise above the brine, and remain there for any considerable time, they will be tainted, and will not taste sweet, as well-salted meat always will. A wooden cover is often used to keep the meat under the brine, but a stone cover is better. A hole may be drilled in a stone cover and a handle inserted at a very small cost. Agitation of the pork barrel daily will have the effect of preventing the accumulation of scum on the surface, or it may be skimmed off as soon as it rises.—*Maine Farmer.*

For Buckwheat Cakes.—Take a convenient sized jar or dish that will hold more than is wanted for a meal, and mix at night with sour milk, letting them stand until morning; leave a little for seed, and afterwards use sweet milk; add saleratus the last moment before frying. In all cases where saleratus is used, I think it is much better to defer putting it in as long as possible before cooking.—*Emery's Journal.*

Wolverine Johnny Cake.—Take one quart sour milk, two-thirds of a tea-cupful of cream, two-thirds of a tea-cupful of molasses, two-thirds of a tea-cupful of suet finely cut, one egg well beaten, one tea-cup flour, one teaspoon saleratus, salt and meal to make it about as stiff as pound cake. Bake quick.

Husband thinks my Johnny cake the best he ever ate. (That is the way with some husbands, you know, while others find nothing as good at home as elsewhere. What do you suppose makes the difference?)—*Emery's Journal.*

Valuable Recipes.—An old housekeeper sends the following recipes, which she says she has known to do all they promise:—

To Entirely Clear Out the Red Ant.—Wash your shelves down clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them quite thick, and let it remain on for a time, and they will disappear.

To Prevent Moths in Carpets.—Rub or strew around the edge of carpets, and on them, salt and pepper, and they will not eat them.

To Disturb and Prevent Bed-Bugs.—After cleaning the dust off, wash with strong salt water any thing they get on or into.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle.—*Goldsmith.*

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 73 letters.

My 52, 73, 61, 36, 22, 60, 32, was an elegant English essayist and poet.

My 5, 18, 26, 31, 42, 13, 65, was an eminent historian.

My 12, 34, 55, 70, 69, was an English philosopher and universal genius.

My 54, 21, 64, 73, 47, 4, was an elegant English writer.

My 68, 20, 10, 25, 48, 51, 43, 2, 3, 21, was a celebrated American novelist.

My 49, 28, 9, 53, 17, was an elegant English author.

My 61, 35, 15, 71, 44, 62, was a celebrated American divine and belles-lettres scholar.

My 27, 41, 58, 66, was an eminent historian.

My 30, 2, 60, 45, 39, 11, 72, 32, 50, was an eminent British poet.

My 63, 38, 16, 10, 14, was a celebrated American orator.

My 19, 29, 1, 8, was a distinguished British commander.

My 57, 9, 54, 43, 7, was an Italian vocalist.

My 6, 24, 33, 17, was a celebrated English writer.

My 67, 8, 69, 40, 59, 23, was an eminent divine.

My 64, 50, 37, 56, 47, was a voluminous author of England.

My whole is a Tuscan proverb.

Pittsburg, Pa. T. F. ANSHUTZ.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 17, 2, 24, 16, 6 is a city in Switzerland.

My 4, 11, 6, 19, is a river in Germany.

My 5, 23, 7, 20, 6, is one of the United States.

My 25, 15, 17, 2, is an island west of Italy.

My 20, 19, 25, 12, 13, 6, is a county in N. York.

My 7, 1, 16, 22, is an island west of Scotland.

My 21, 23, 25, is a city in India.

My 18, 12, 26, 2, is a river in Asia.

My 22, 1, 15, 23, is a grand division of the world.

My 1, 15, 23, 5, is a gulf on the south coast of Asia.

My 19, 14, 9, 6, 12, is a river in Germany.

My 25, 1, 1, 6, 3, is a county in Massachusetts.

My 10, 15, 20, 12, is a river in Africa.

My 17, 18, 19, 12, 22, 17, is a county in Illinois.

My whole is one of the German confederation.

Tiffin City, Ohio. DAVID K. MYERS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first in barn-yards oft is found.
Its voice is serpent-like; o'er ground
Or through the water it can move,
And it can also fly above.

My second is a little fruit,
Eaten alike by man and brute;
On shrubs, on trees, on vines it grows,
In tropic vales, 'mid Alpine snows.

My whole when it is sour and green,
In tarts and pies is often seen;
But when its juice begins to sweeten,
By girls and boys 'tis often eaten.

Philadelphia. C. E. Y.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first the children learn,
When first to school they go;
My second is a useful grain,
As all the farmers know.

My whole grows in the wood,
On a very useful tree,
Of which, if you were here,
A plenty you could see.

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a delicious kind of meat,
Which many persons like to eat;
My second shows that we are not well;
It also confines one to a cell.

My third is a weight that will make a load
For a team to draw upon the road;
My whole was a man who was called great—
And is also a county in New York State.

Eddytown, N. C. QUINEO.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

U roast Reuben.	Trip icy plain.
C! pray to Chili.	I mean glory.
I leat to a man.	Near it, a red men.
I rise not, bloat.	I bless them ants.
I try mail.	I fire in Troy.
H! mash wire pen.	Moving ship ire.

PETER A. B.

TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

William owned a tract of land whose three sides were all equal in length, and the centre of the house was in that particular spot, that the nearest distance to the three sides was 150, 200 and 250 perches respectively. Required—the area of the equilateral triangle tract in acres and perches?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotsersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ All the Difference.—What is the difference between an attempted homicide and a hog butchery? Ans.—One is an assault with an intent to kill, and the other is a kill with an intent to salt.

☞ Why are A and C the most alluring letters in the alphabet? Ans.—Because they form the centre of attraction.

☞ Con. by a Desperate Cockney.—Vy is a little 'ouse like a shell fruit? Ans.—Because it's an 'ut.

☞ Why is a bee hive like a defective potato? Ans.—Because one is a bee-holder and the other is a spectator.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—If pride leads the van beggary brings up the rear. POETICAL ENIGMA.—The surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—St. Peter's Cathedral, at Rome. CHARADE.—Hawthorn. CHARADE.—Tree-frog. CHARADE.—Napkin. ANAGRAMS.—Teheran, Athens, Jerusalem, Naples, Belgrade, Diarbekir, Tripoli, Seres, Trebisonde, Cabul, Belfast, Poonah, Verona, Syra. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.—The yet standing piece 45 feet 7 2-5 inches. The broken off piece 81 feet 10 3-5 inches.